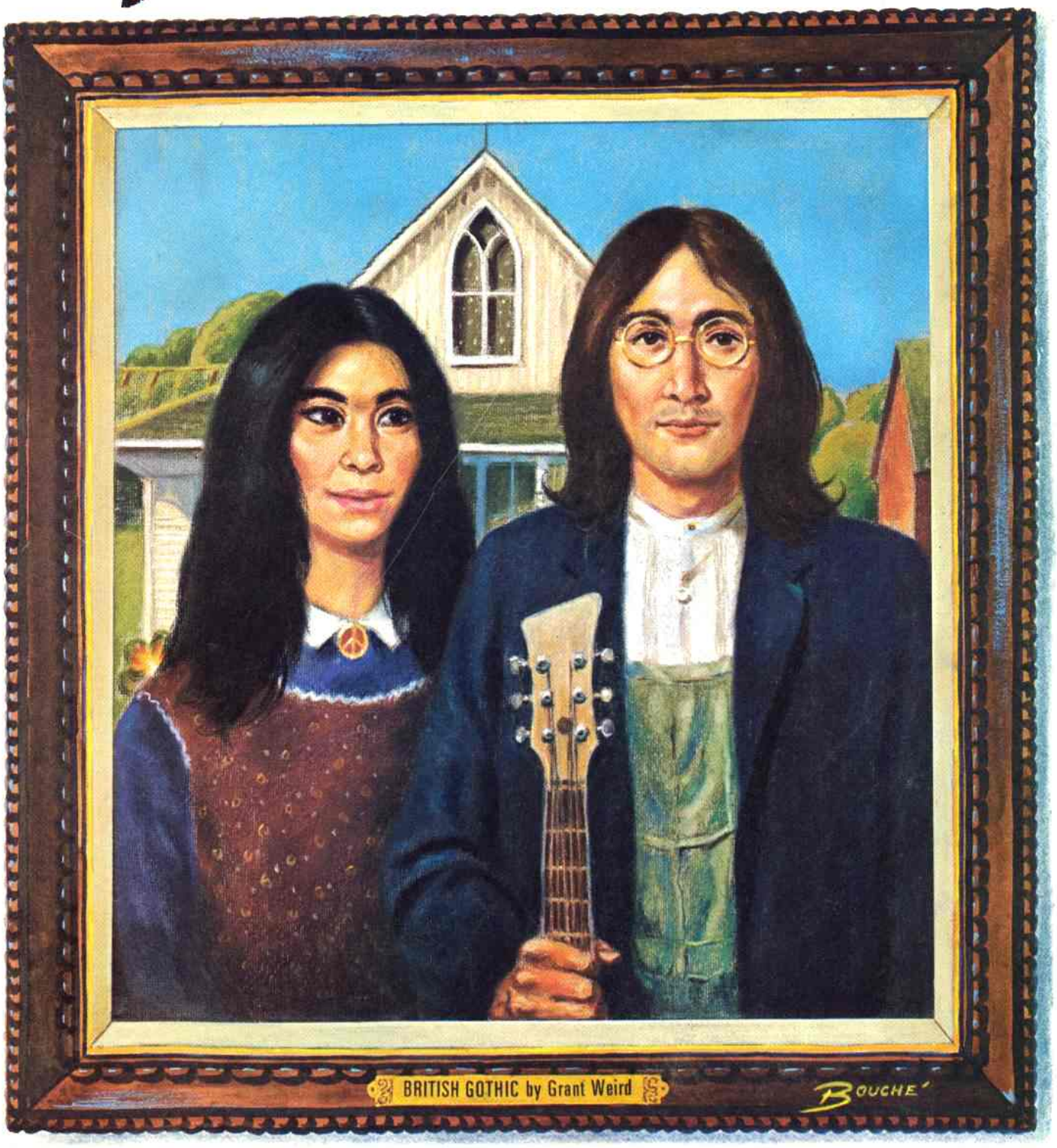
MAC

SEPTEMBER
No. 70

SICK

35¢



HIPPEST HARVEST: BACK-TO-NATURE YOUTH MOVEMENT

Beautiful hair- a man can get lost in it.
PLINNG!
Instant convulsion by Queeroil
INSTANT CONVULSION
INSTANT CONVULSION
New instant lotion to pour on. Or Beauty Pack to repair deep-down damage.

SICK

No. 70

Volume 9 Number 6 September, 1969

Spree in the Attic

Modern Day Travel Posters

The Fake's a Thief

THE COVER

Andre Bouche, distinguished portrait painter of Huntington, Long Island, was commissioned by SICK to do his first magazine cover, the striking pastel parody of Grant Wood's "American Gothic". The farmer and his wife, in case you don't recognize them with clothing, are John Lennon and Yoko Ono, the gurus of the sick youth movement.

For readers who may wish to cut out the painting for a hang-up or book cover paste-on, we made sure to keep the type clear of the illustration and frame. Wasn't that considerate?

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BLIND DATE A MONOLOGUE IN THE STYLE OF BOB NEWHART

Once again, in its never-ending drive to find new comics among the young, Sick presents another monologue for up-and-coming and would-be comics. So you future millionaire jokesmiths try this out. It may catapult you to stardom. Or at least get you a date with a pretty girl who has a weird sense of humor.

Script by Bill Majeski
Art by Don Orehek

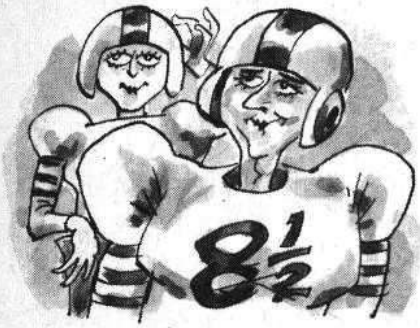
Does she WHAT! I'm surprised at you, Eddie. Find out for yourself, how would I know. If you play your cards right she may go Spelunking with you in Grand Cave. Take a chance.
What are her parents like? No parents. An orphan. Named Orphan of the Year, three years in a row. No, she doesn't live alone. She lives with an older fellow. No, he's not an uncle. They call him Daddy Morebucks. Now wait a second, Eddie, it's not like that at all!
Well, what do you say? You're busy. Oh, you've got a friend that will take her out? Good. Who is he? A mild-mannered reporter. What? He's in a phone booth now changing his clothes?
What time? 8:15 under the clock at the Biltmore.
On TOP of the clock! Whew! Okay, Eddie. What? He can leap buildings and crash through a brick wall? Whew!
TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE
Fannie, 8:15 at the Biltmore. By the way, better take Stanley along with you. You may be in for a rough evening.
On TOP of the clock!!

ATHLETICS

They're holding tryouts for the Olympic games in Los Angeles. One wise guy went onto the track at night and tied a big rubber band across the finish line. At the end of

the 100-yard dash, the three leading runners were snapped all the way back to Denver.

Players of the National Professional Football League are grumbling about playing conditions. They want softer fields to land on and vodka in the oranges they nibble at half-time.



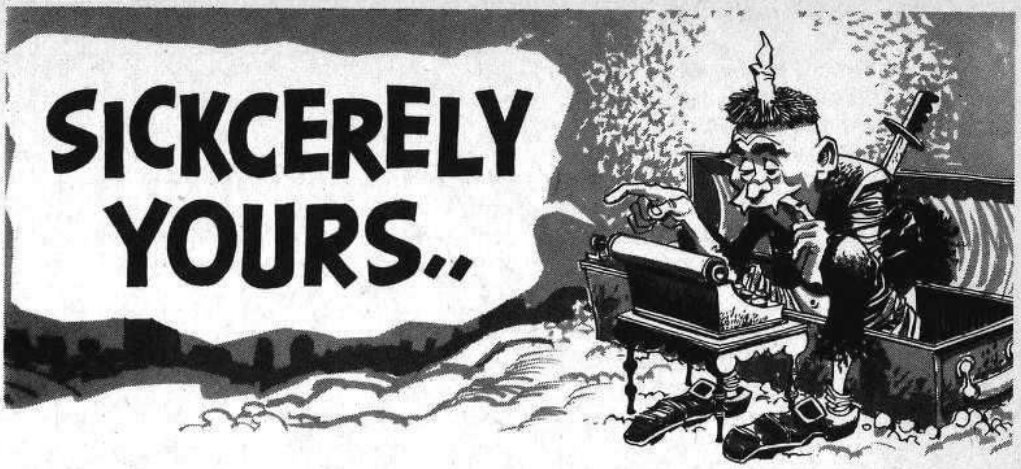
The Greenwich Village Football Players are striking. They want pink uniforms and more time in pile-ups.

PROTESTS

Things to look for in the coming months. A Rich People's March on Scarsdale.

A teetotalers' march on Toots Shor's Restaurant.

A drunks' stumble on the offices of the Temperance League.



Your article, "If Teens Took Over the Country," should have been called "*WHEN* Teens Take Over—" because, man, that's the way things are going and you'd better believe it. Just wait till we get the vote. We're running the schools now and we'll be taking over the rest of the establishment soon, little by little. Today, student leaders, tomorrow the Presidency.

Charles Burgello
Macon, Ga.

Ed: Tomorrow the funny farm.

You talk about teens taking over the country. The teens I've known can't even tie a necktie. Kids are so spoiled today that if they had to make a living or make decisions they'd give up and drop out, and then where would the country be?

Franklin G. Marshak
New York

Ed: In North America?

Your feature on teens taking over was irresponsible and sick because you made light of a serious subject. The youth of today, if they are to become tomorrow's leaders, really have something to worry about because they are heading for a disaster. Their values are distorted, their morals are loose and they are disdainful of religion. What kind of society can we expect in their future?

Marcia Chait
Los Angeles

Ed: Tomorrow will swing, baby, don't worry.

John Lennon can't be President because he is a British subject. Besides, I won't let him. *I* want to be President.

Mrs. John Lennon
Liverpool

Ed: We'll talk about it as soon as you get dressed.

I think that you have unwittingly created a marvelous symbol in your design for the new official govern-

ment eagle. We are going to adopt it as our official seal.

H.M. Linkert
Youth for Peace
New York

Ed: Everything we do is unwitting.

You should be arrested for defacing American currency. Is this supposed to be clever, replacing the great George Wahington with a guru? I don't think so. I think you are in league with those silly college idiots who

read trash like Sick. I demand that you apologize to the patriotic citizens that are left in this country.

Monte H. Smythe
Boston

Ed: Do us a favor, don't read this magazine.

You should have more News Briefs, as in Sick number 69. It's about time a satire magazine had the guts to use blacks in their satire because, let's face it, they're part of the scene and they can take a ribbing just like the whites. Why don't you do a feature length article on the subject of black America or some aspect of it and don't be condescending, but hit them hard, just as you do to white America. I'd like to get some opinions on this from your readers.

Scoop Willoughby
New York

Ed: How about it, readers?

Your camp "summer Snapshots" was a nostalgic delight and some of the typical camp types were so true. On the other hand, the "Russian Boys' Camp" was on the silly side. Jonathen Winters was clever and well drawn. Your new artist is a welcome addition to your staff. Bill Majeski is a groovy writer.

Martin Curley
Kansas City

Ed: Everybody's a critic.

The news is where it's at, babies, so do more news items. What else is there except bad breath and deodorants?

Kip Callendor
San Francisco

Ed: We dig, Kip. The rest is nowhere, but it fills up a magazine.

This is America where the girls go out at any age. They get in the car and ride with me all the time. North Carolina girls are crazy about me. I came on TV last summer and a girl kissed me on the stage. I drive a race car sometimes. I am 45 years old and I still love girls.

George Goble
Kannapolis, N.C.

Ed: Why are you telling us all this, George?

Will any and all Science Fiction fans in Houston, Tex., interested in joining an SF fan club *please* call Lisa Tuttle at NA 1-3368, or write to me at #6 Pine Forest Circle, Houston 77027. Even if you don't live in Houston I'd love to hear from you. I'm always happy to talk to fans or extra-terrestrials.

Ed: Extra whats?

If teens ran your country, they couldn't do worse than the bumbling adults who've messed up the world. We Canadiens watch your incredible antics with disbelief and hope that you'll move away before you take us down with you. Let me ask your so-called satirists this: If your teens ran the country, would we still have to fight your battles? I hope your readers can comment on this without the use of vulgar language, or is that too much to ask of Yanks?

Andrew Fortin
Toronto

Ed: Man the battle stations!

You guys really deserve a medal for your devotion to mankind. I mean, if you hadn't started publishing Sick, think how we'd be better off. Well, anyway, I give three cheers to you.

Darlene Lylte
Sort William, Ont.

Ed: We've got a "contract" for you in Toronto, Darlene.

Could you please send me the names, addresses and ages of the two little girls on page 18 in the May No. 67 issue in 1969. Thank you.

Trez Blencowe
Columbia, S.C.

Ed: Absolutely not!

I've watched with dismay that TV commercial, "Don't Help A Good Boy Go Wrong" and I couldn't believe it—it's (the commercial) so stupid. Congratulations for showing it up for what it is—SICK.

Phyllis Calvert
Rochester, Minn.

Ed: The commercial was stupid. We're sick.

HAVE ANOTHER DEPARTMENT

A citizen got so tired about reading the dispute regarding the lowering of legal drinking ages he developed a fearful thirst. He made

his way to his favorite saloon. Just as he was nearing it, a bartender came by and stepped on his tongue.

MARRIED LIFE DEPARTMENT

One husband was feeling the Indian influence now pervading the scene and wanted to buy a Nehru jacket. His wife said no, but since he wanted something Indian, she bought him a bed of nails and a cobra.

SWINGING SHOW BIZ DEPARTMENT

It's rumored that Richard Burton is forsaking Liz for another woman. Doing that is like turning in a Rolls Royce for a skateboard.

LATE NEWS

YIPPIE NEWS

New York's Yippie crowd invaded an educational TV station recently and shouted obscenities over the air to a local television audience. There weren't many portests. Listeners thought it was just an excerpt from an off-Broadway production.

One of the newer vehicles playing to paying audiences is a play about a man who falls in love with a pig. There were casting difficulties, however. They couldn't find a pig who was willing to play the role.

One recent viewer at the epic drama said he was interested in the play until the wind changed.

And movies are becoming wilder in those little hidden-away theaters. One had a sign that said: "For Mature Perverts Only."

NEW YORK CITY FUN DEPARTMENT

The biggest rage in New York right now is outdoor restaurants. One mother told her son: "Eat your pork chop before it gets dirty."

Another guy had it real rough—he had the corner table right near Central Park. A mugger stole his pork chops.

One place has a fine specialty—speckled trout. It's not speckled when you get it—the bus exhaust takes care of it.

EDUCATION

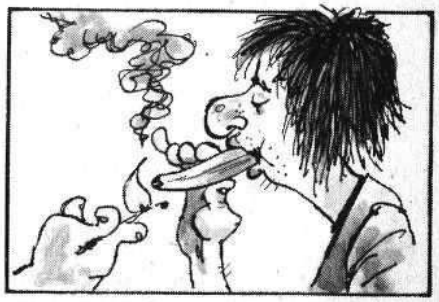
If there weren't any dropouts, where would we get the bosses to hire the college graduates?

And think of this: If everyone had a college degree who would collect the garbage?

REVOLTS

A New Delhi, India, bulletin reported that belligerent monkeys had taken over some of its official government buildings and wouldn't give them up, harrassing workers

and pelting them with stones. New York reported a similar problem at Columbia. However, it was learned upon further study that they weren't monkeys at all, but students. The difference was the New Delhi monkeys ate bananas; Columbia kids smoked them.



SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

One fellow wrote home that he's a three-letter man in college—LSD.

We live in changing times. Yet Travel Posters always seem to look the same. This is misleading. After all, if you're going to visit a foreign country you want to see it truly represented on a poster. What you don't want to see are posters that are glossed-over and old fashioned. What you don't want to see are posters that don't tell it like it is. Mainly, what you don't want to see are posters that contain these sickening examples of what we mean by...

MODERN DAY TRAVEL POSTERS

Art by Jerry Grandenetti

Script by Paul Laikin

Russia
A Scenic Wonderland

FLY NOW, PRAY LATER!

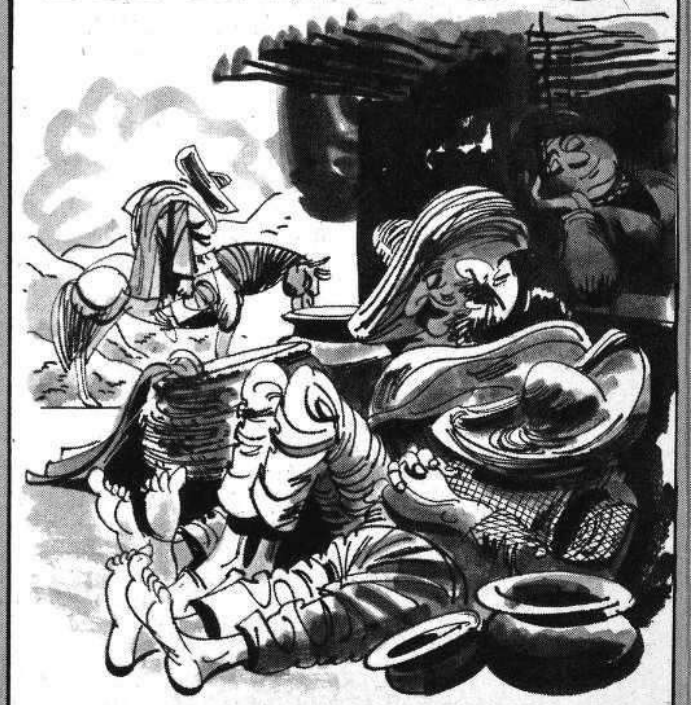
See AFRICA

THE DARK CONTINENT

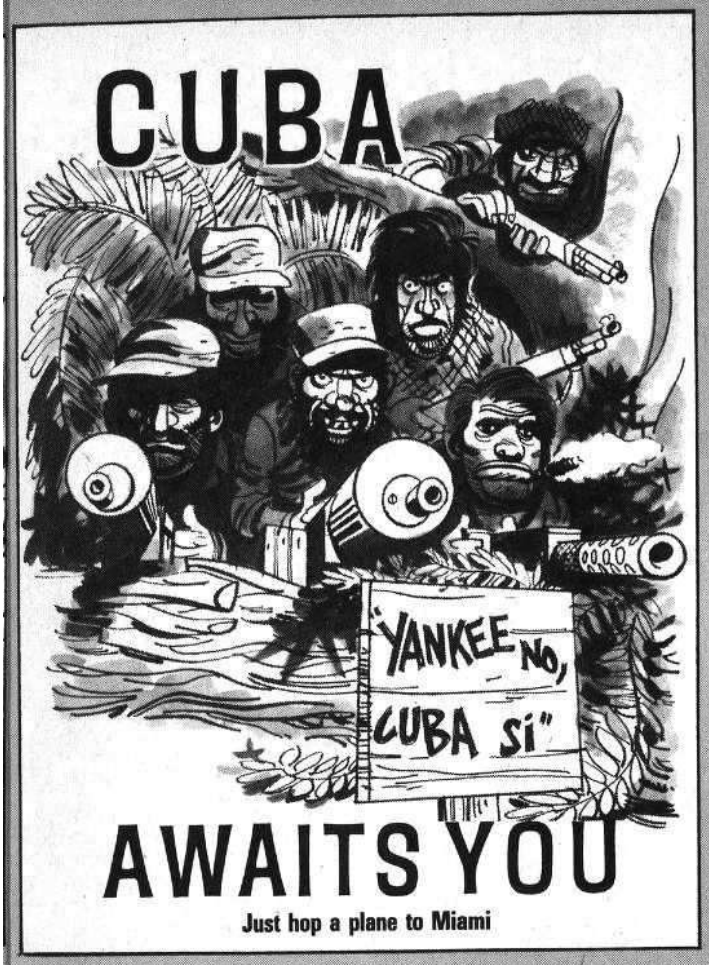
visit
EGYPT

A Modern Wonderama

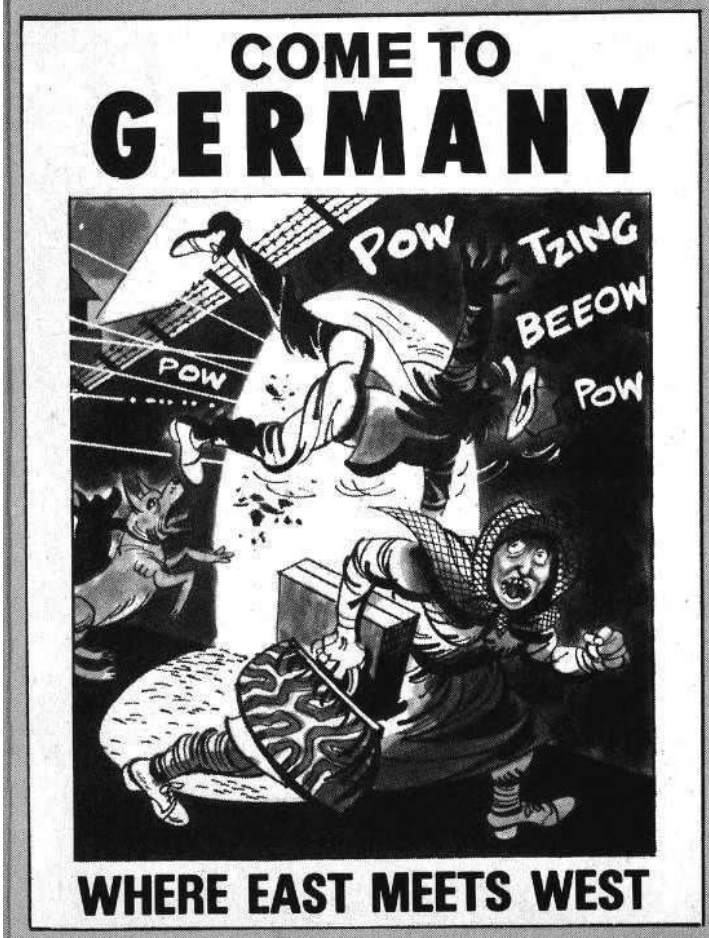
MEXICO



Where The Action Is


CUBA
"YANKEE NO, CUBA SI"
AWAITS YOU
Just hop a plane to Miami

LIVE IT UP IN
BRAZIL
The PERFECT HIDEAWAY


COME TO
GERMANY
POW
TZING
BEEOW
POW
POW
WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

Land of the Rising Sun
CHINA

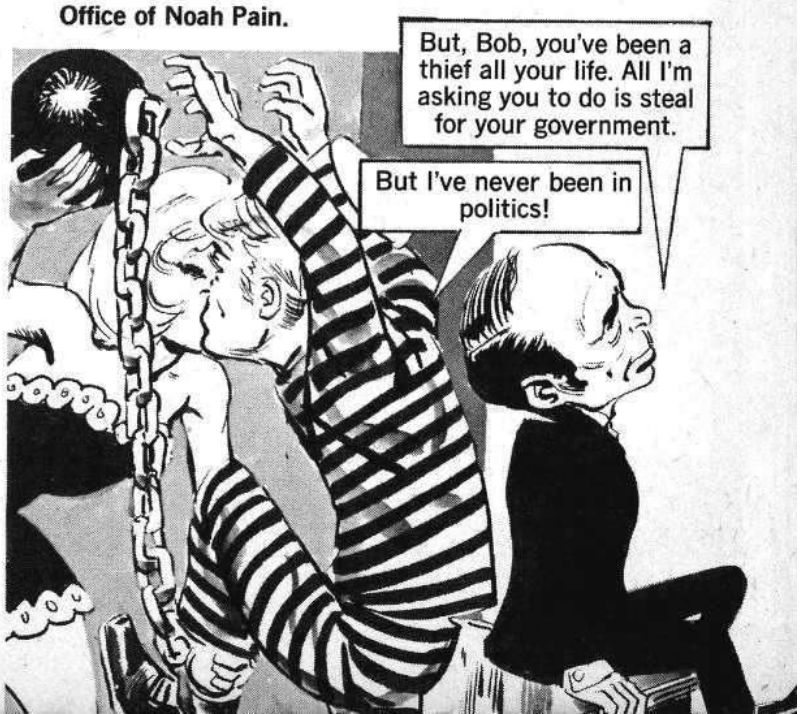
Why entrust the job of swiping top-secret documents to those butterfingered State Department types, when, for the same money, you can hire a career crook? At least that's the premise of this t.v. show starring Bob Wagner who is sprung from jail to save Uncle Sam, by picking foreign political pockets for the C.I.A.

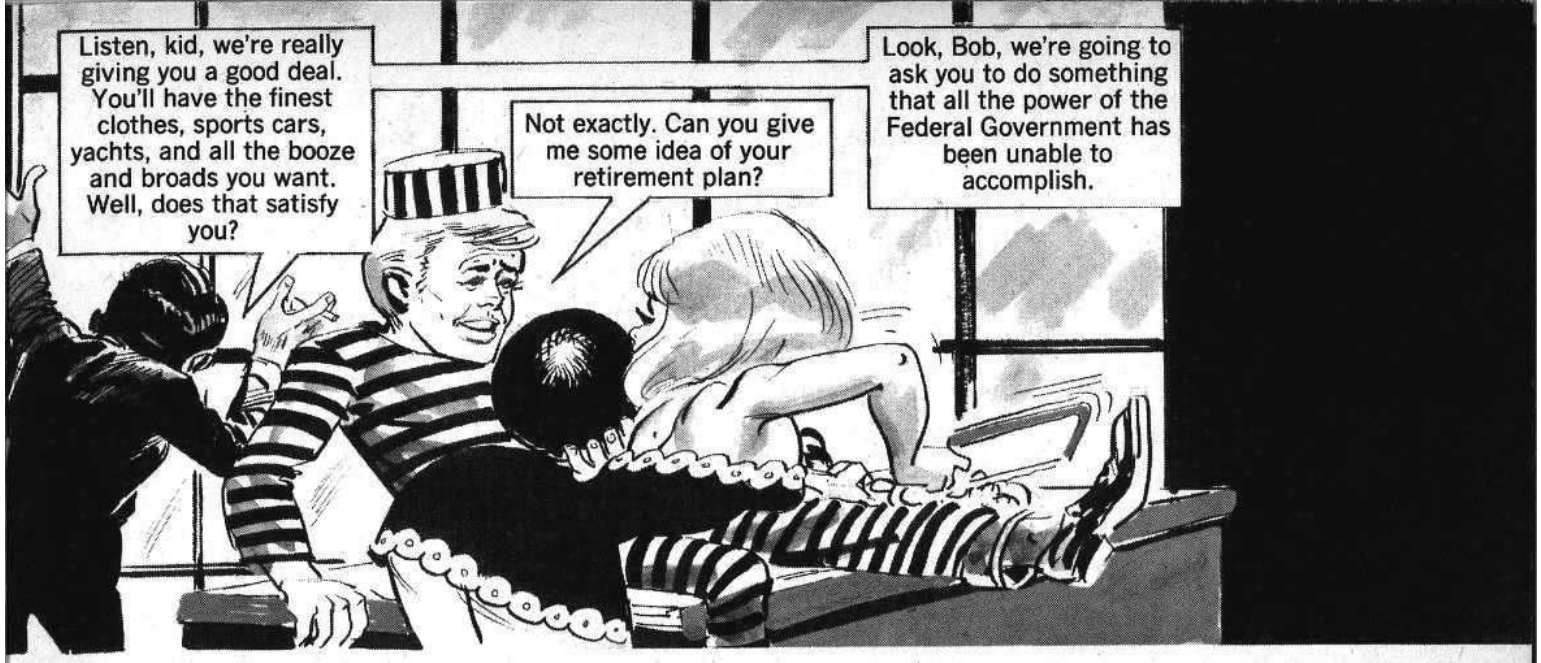
THE FAKE'S A THIEF

Script by Fred Wolfe Art by Jack Sparling

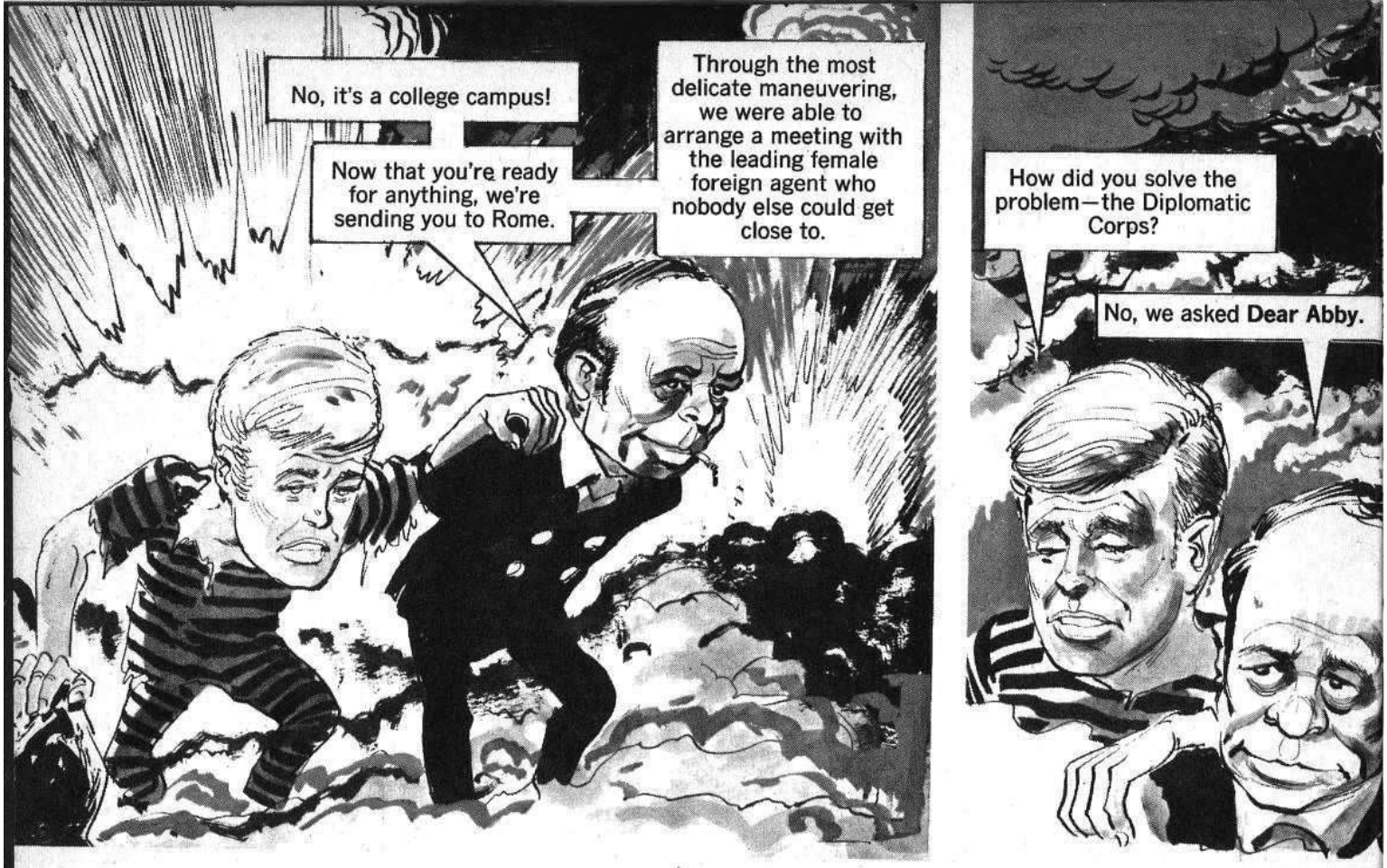
The show opens in the offices of the "C.L.I.A."—the Centrally Located Intelligence Agency, in beautiful downtown Spysville.

Office of Noah Pain.



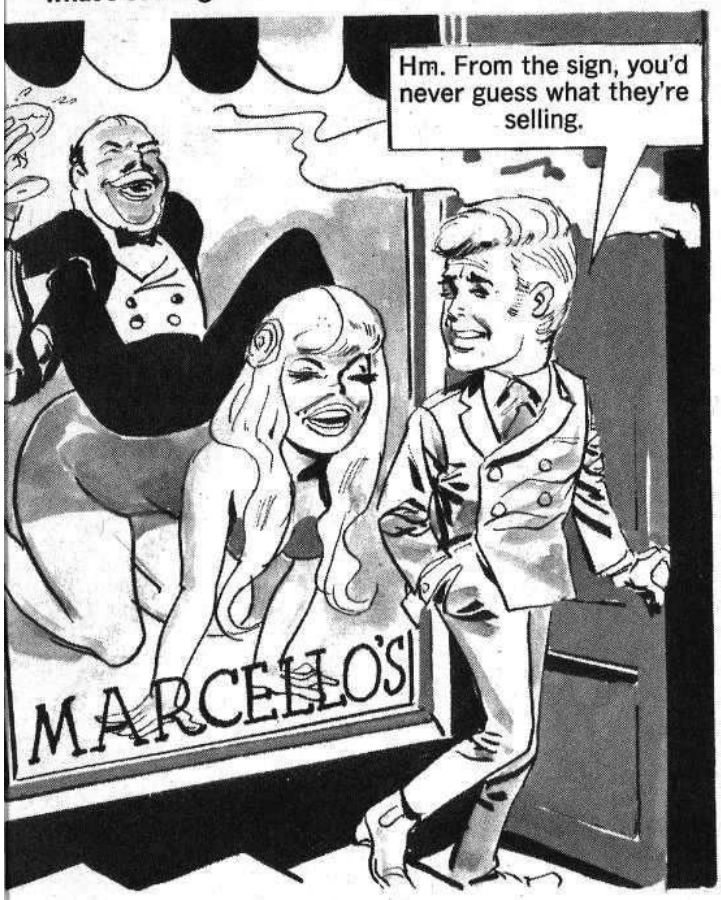


Bob is flown blindfolded to a place that makes Vietnam look like a May Day Festival.

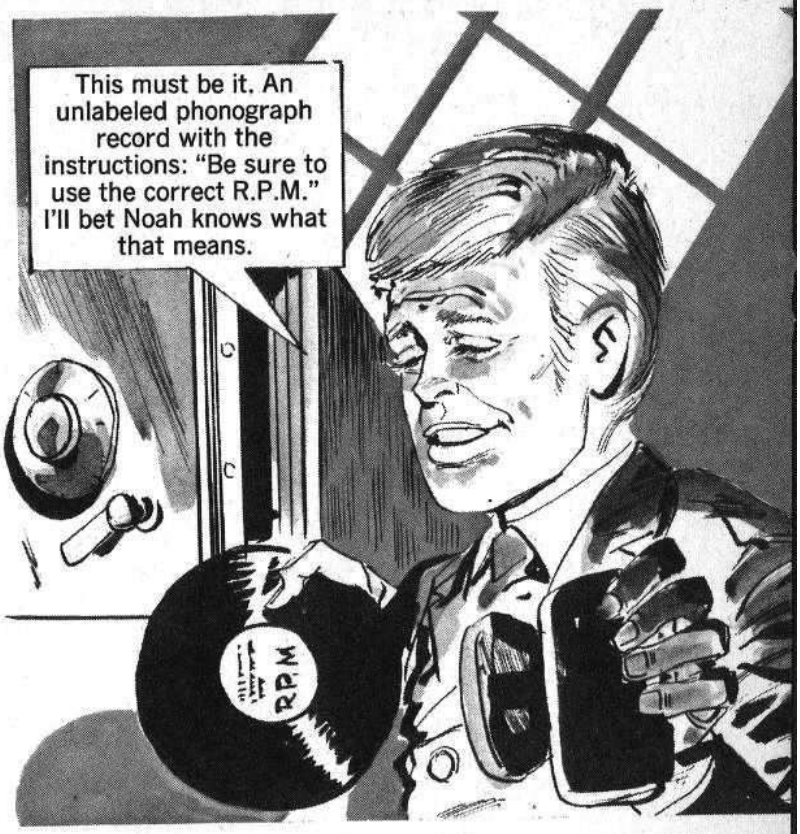


Following instructions, and a trail of stale garlic fumes, Bob comes to the house of his contact, Gina Lollipop—who makes a sucker out of men!

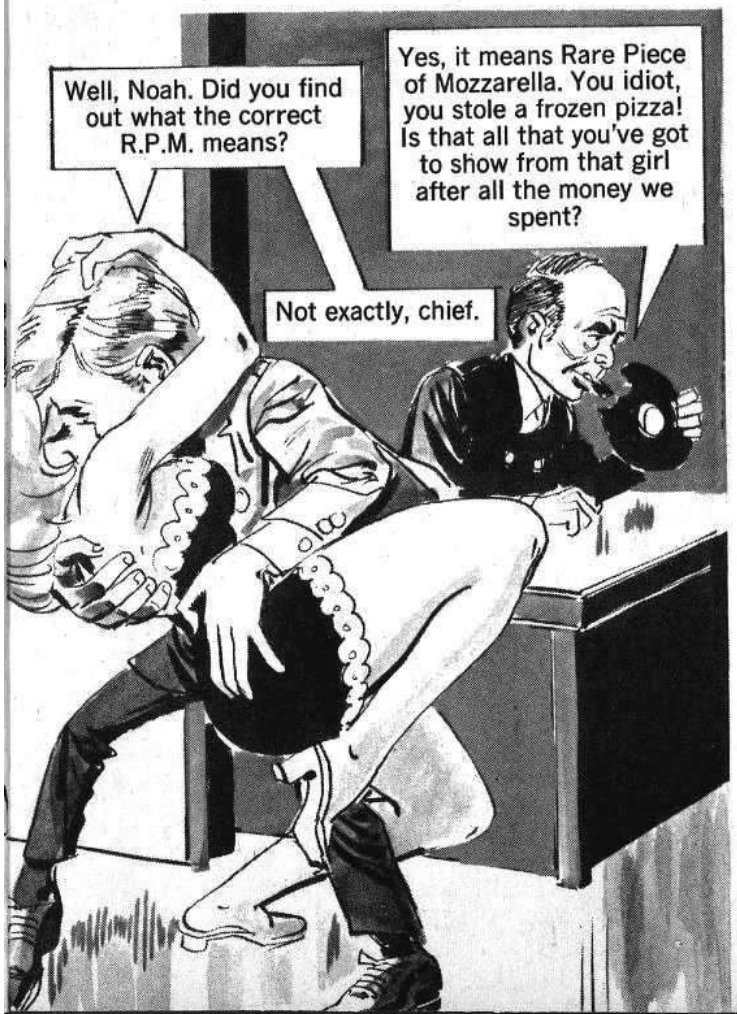
Later that evening, Bob tip-toes through the street-walkers and arrives at Marcello's restaurant to see what's cooking.



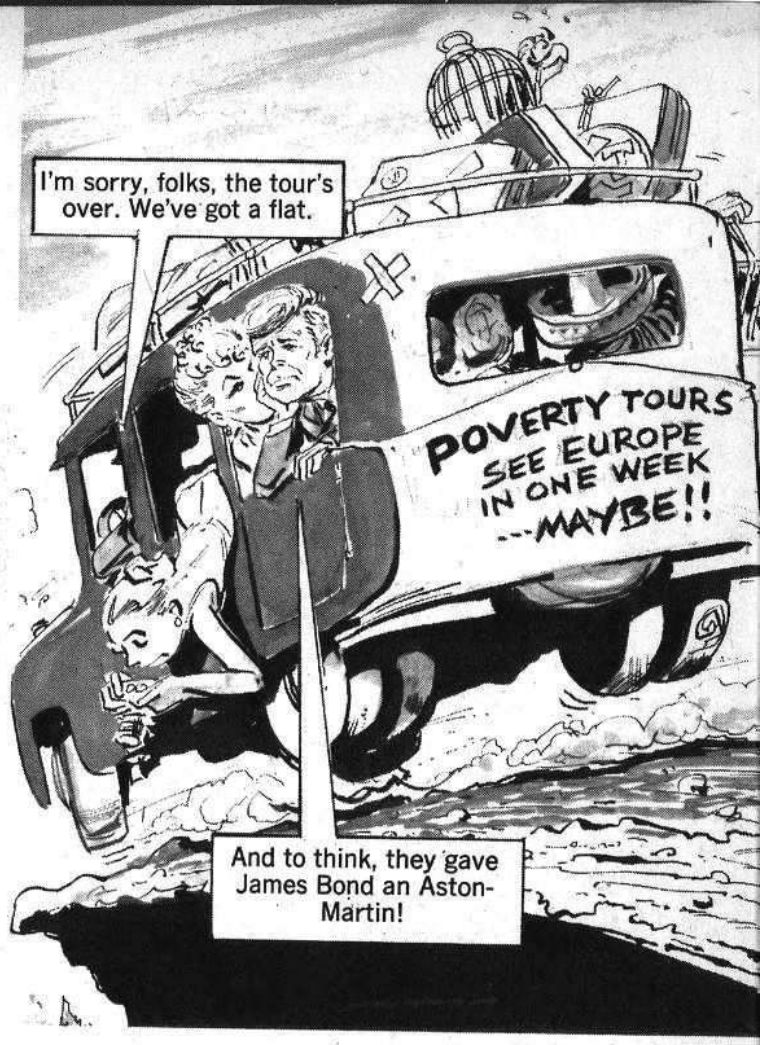
Later...

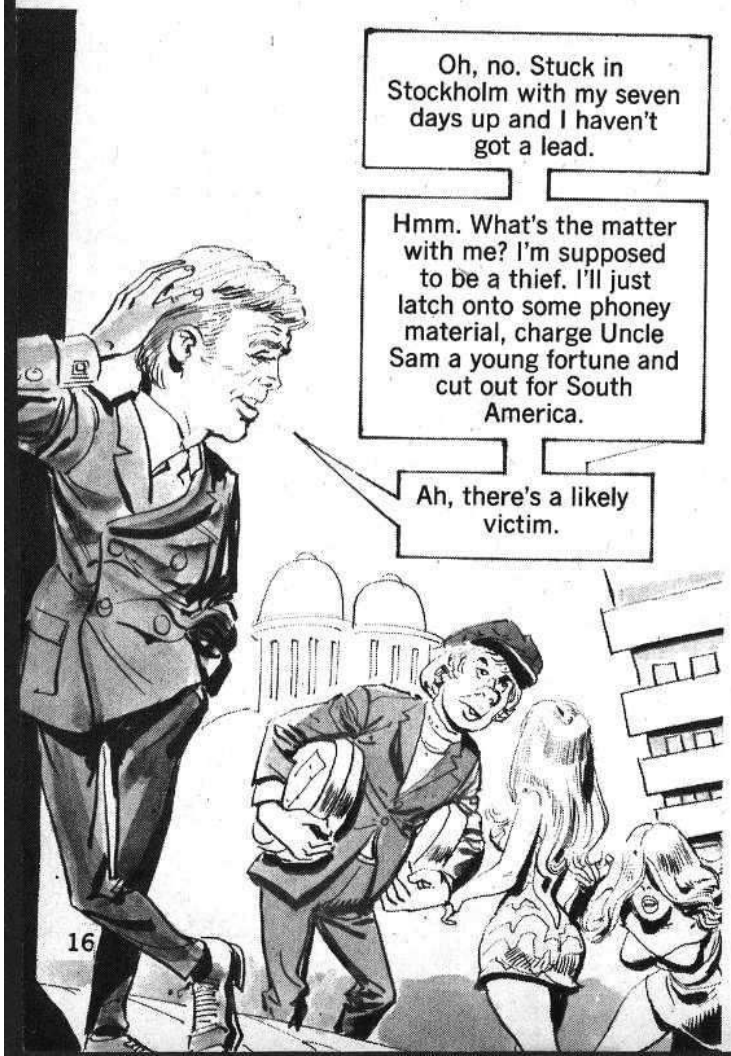


Back in Noah's office...



Remember, San Quentin isn't co-ed!
By the way, Bob, we're running a little low on cash, so we had to make some special travel arrangements.


I'm sorry, folks, the tour's over. We've got a flat.
POVERTY TOURS SEE EUROPE IN ONE WEEK ---MAYBE!!
And to think, they gave James Bond an Aston-Martin!


Oh, no. Stuck in Stockholm with my seven days up and I haven't got a lead.
Hmm. What's the matter with me? I'm supposed to be a thief. I'll just latch onto some phoney material, charge Uncle Sam a young fortune and cut out for South America.
Ah, there's a likely victim.

That Rowan and Martin must be Swedish, they're all the time saying: Stockholm to me! Stockholm to me!
You begged for it, Sven! Especially for that terrible pun!

Hello, Noah? I've got that hot stuff you wanted, but it's going to cost you fifty thousand dollars. Oh, yes, and a ticket to Argentina—I've always wanted to learn German.

Ah, caught you before you left!
Uh, oh. I know why you're here, Noah. You want to send me back to jail for cheating you.

Cheating me? Are you kidding? It was worth every penny. Even the President was impressed!
You mean it's a film on Russian Missiles?

No, it's a movie on Swedish misses! I don't know how you did it, kid, but you stole the original print of: "I Am Curious, Purple!"
You've put new life into our generals. America will never forget you for this!

All The News That Fits, We Print

FINAL EDITION

SICKNIFICANT

LESS CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER PAPER IN AMERICA

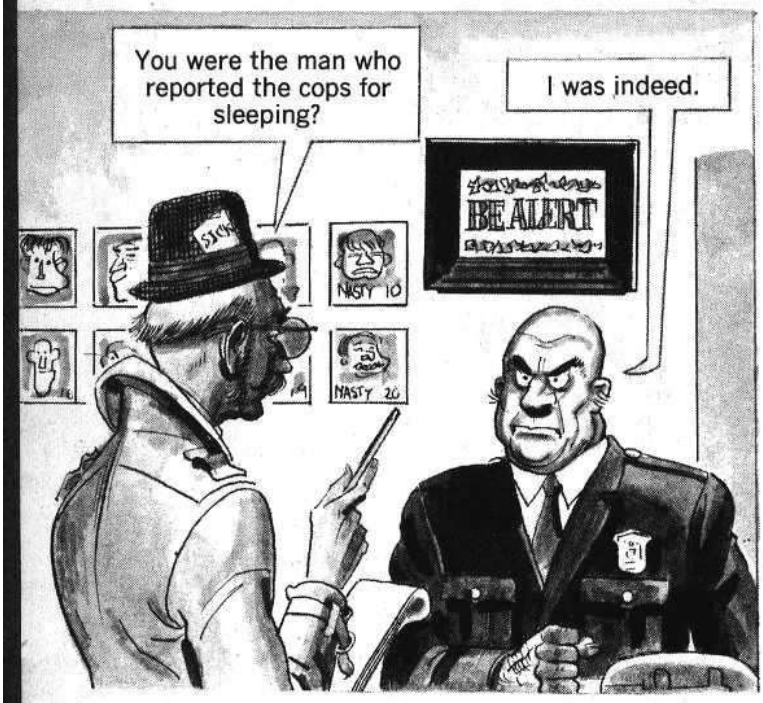
WEATHER Yes

Script by Bill Majeski

NEWS OF THE WEAK

Art by Al Bare

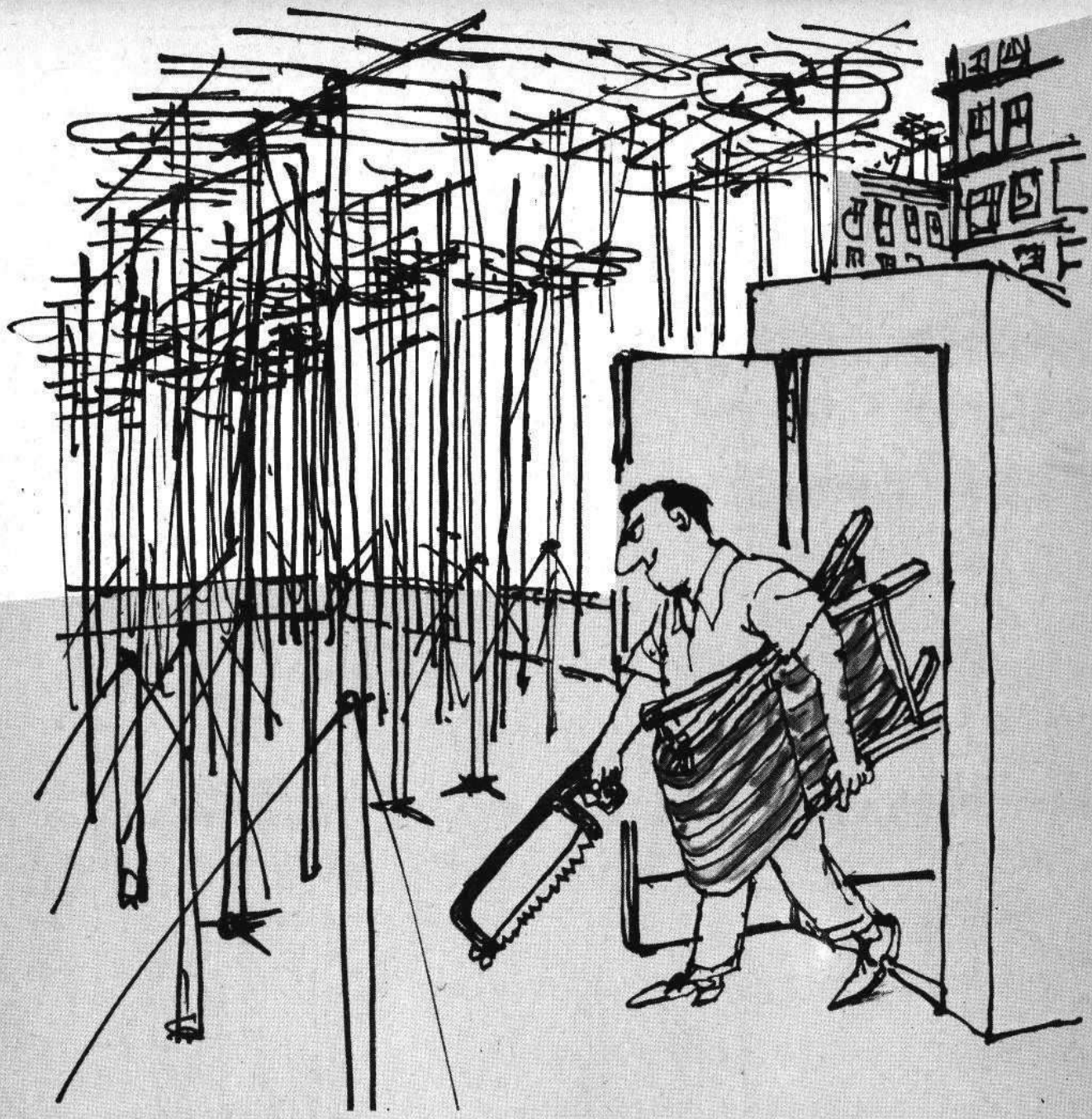
NEWS ITEM: **Many New York policemen reported sleeping on duty, especially during night shift. Mayor Lindsay promises crackdown on practice which is known as "cooping."**



I'm Officer Harry Unidentified. Badge No. 345345, riding in Sleeping Car No...434...I mean Patrol Car No. 434.
Why do you sleep on the job?
Well, I certainly can't sleep at home, with all those street fights and gun battles going on in my neighborhood all the time.
Don't you think it is wrong to sleep in your cars?
It's better than falling asleep directing traffic in midtown.
I thought you all have done that too. Just a joke. Officer, what will be the overall effect of an investigation on sleeping?
I'm not going to lose any sleep over it. But I think the investigation will louse things up. Police are often accused of brutality. How can we be brutal while snoring? Ever hear of a sleepwalking sadist?
Thank you Officer Unidentified.
And now to City Hall...
We're waiting for the Mayor's statement...
We must stop this destructive practice of sleeping on the job. No public servant has that right...
DECENTRALIZTION NOW!
STRIKE!
RIOT NOW!
GARBAGE
MORE

NEWS OF THE WEAK

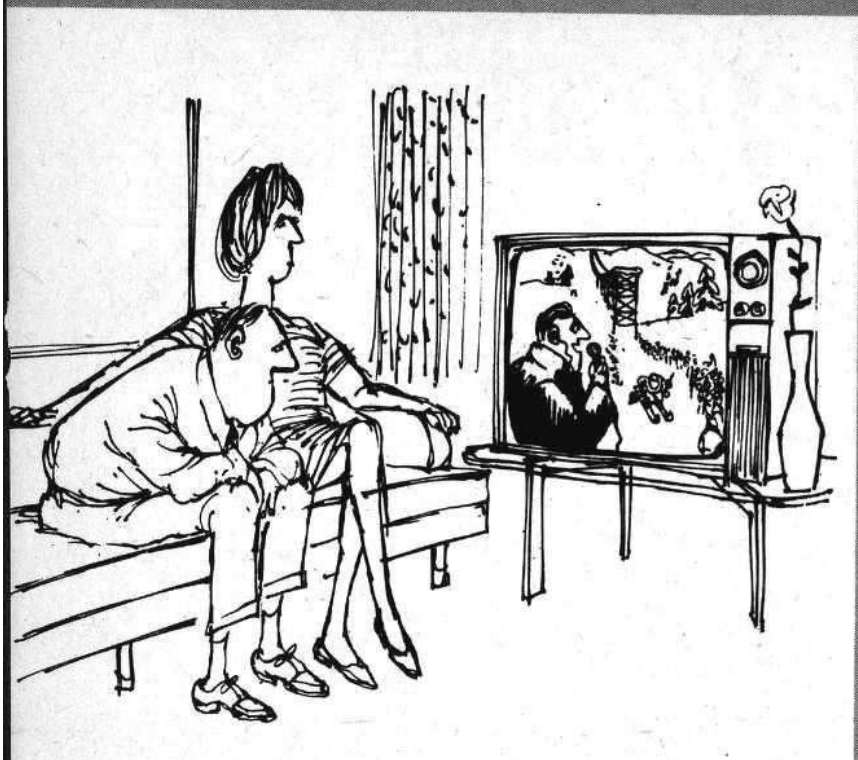
NEWS ITEM:
New York State judge bars lady lawyer from appearing in court while wearing a mini-skirt.



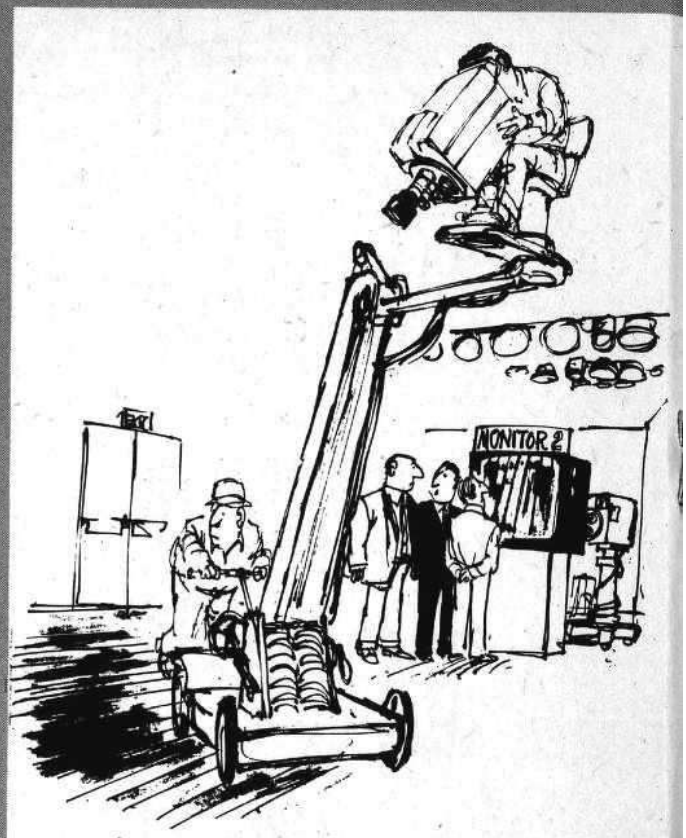
Our raving correspondent, Charles Rodrigues, insists that his hard-hitting cartoon comments on television has been a small factor in the industry's reform. "With all the emphasis against violence on the boob tube," says Charles, "next season the White Knight will be back carrying a fly-swatter and riding side-saddle."

"I tried to get a job doing commercials," he continues, "they liked my looks but my voice wasn't irritating enough. Do you know why they're recording all the TV shows today? Because nobody has guts enough to appear live before an audience." Here is—

rodrigues on Television

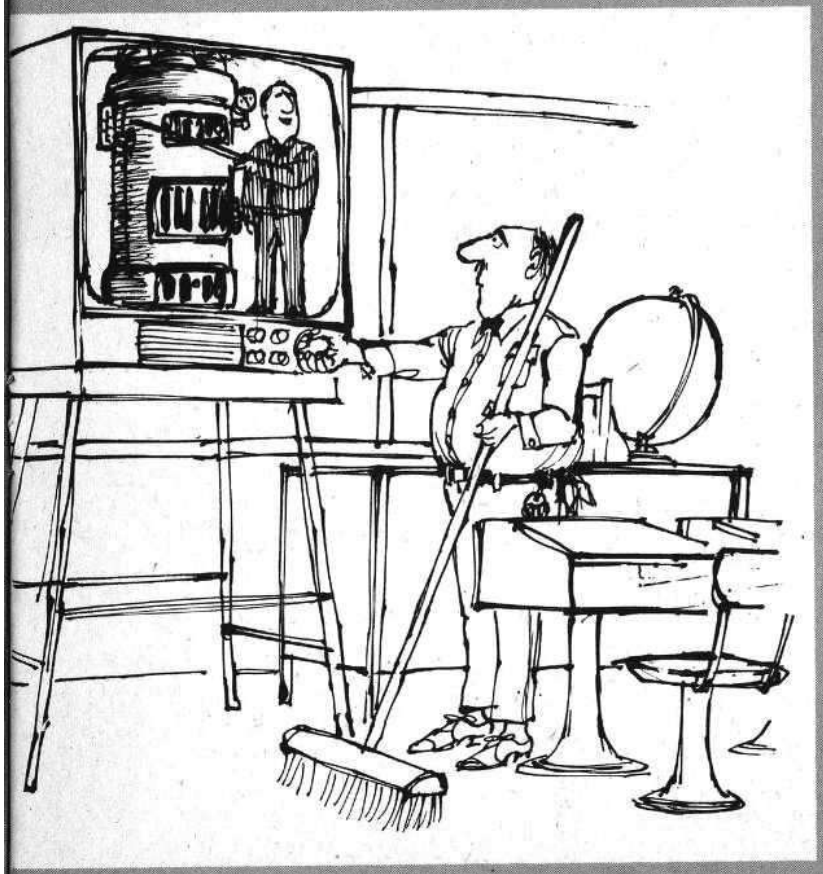


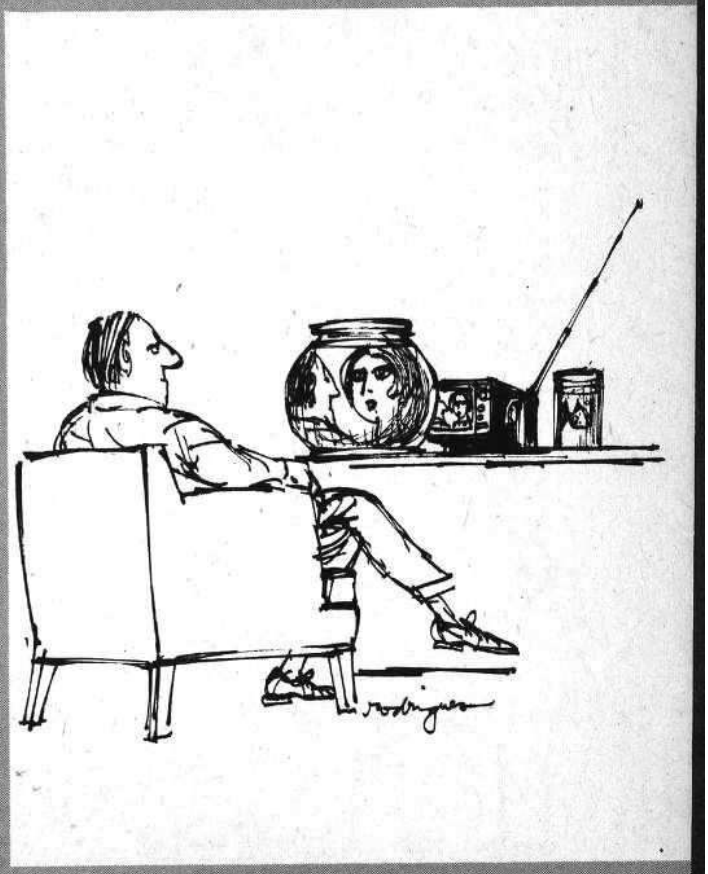
"I wish this were being telecast in color, folks, so you could see the beautiful white snow..."



"We're looking for a quarter that Phil dropped."

"Keep your eyes peeled, Myers, this is prime time!"





YOUR FRIENDLY BANKER

Art by Jack Sparling

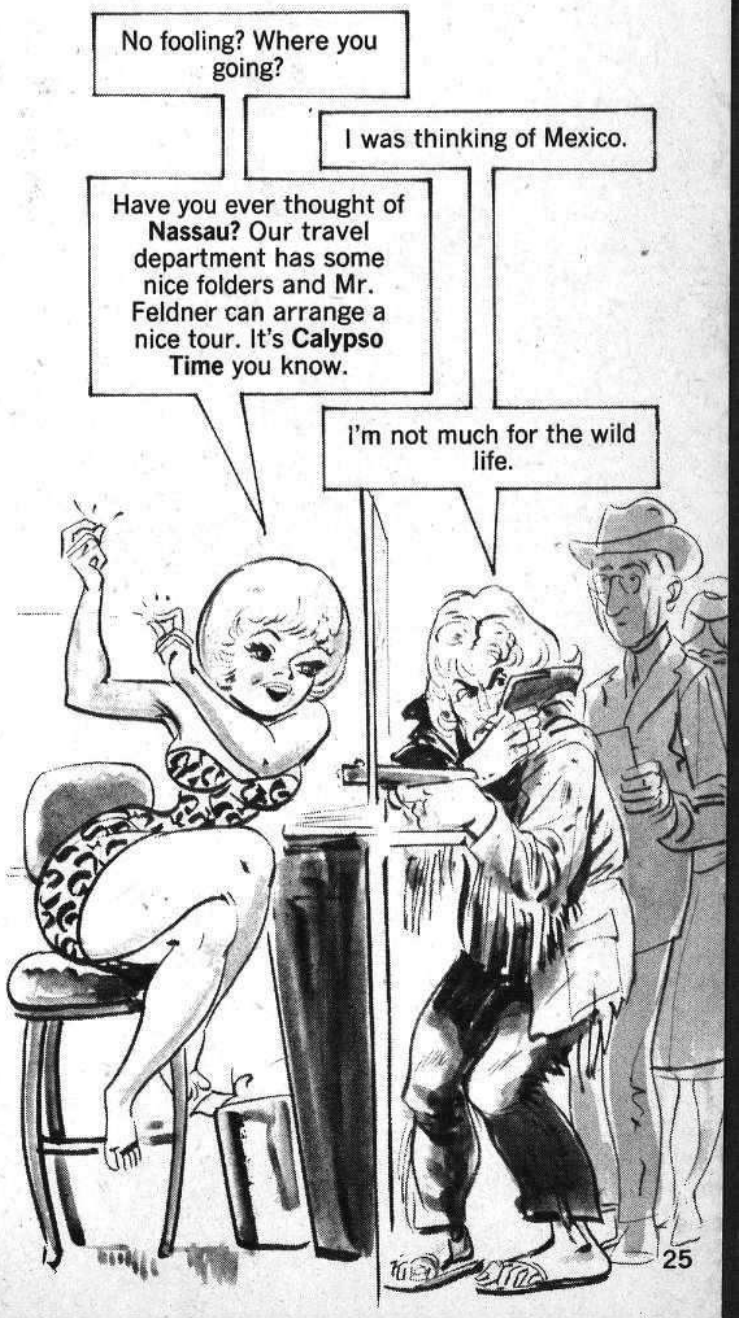
Script by Bill Majeski

Banking has changed. With banks competing for the customers' dollars, these once conservative institutions are projecting the friendly banker image to a ridiculous point. In addition to free gifts, exhibits, coffee lounges and social uses, some banks are training their personnel to be more personal with the customers. If they go any further, you can look for scenes like this in the near future...

You mean small bills. Bank robbers always say small bills so they can't be traced.
Big bills! I'm a showoff! Now hurry up!!

Such impatience. That's the **mark** of an amateur.
You'll have the mark of a **victim** if you don't hurry up.

This is your first time at this, isn't it?
Well...yes...
That's all right. We have to crawl before we can walk. Just a few formalities. For what reason do you want the money?
Vacation.


No fooling? Where you going?
I was thinking of Mexico.
Have you ever thought of **Nassau?** Our travel department has some nice folders and Mr. Feldner can arrange a nice tour. It's **Calypso Time** you know.
I'm not much for the wild life.

It's your money. Just trying to help. Another question: Why did you choose **this** bank to rob?
I heard the commercial about your tremendous assets and I said "baby, that's the bank for me."
Hmmm... tell me, are you in any hurry to go to Mexico?
Not really. Why?
I was thinking. We offer 4-1/2 per cent interest from the day of deposit compounded quarterly and on $10,000 that can be a pretty tidy sum.
Hmmm... I don't know...
If you open an account we have several gifts for you: a piggy bank in the shape of a well-known financier; a letter opener made of calcified seaweed, and a pair of matching walking sticks autographed by a Wall Street tour guide.
I'll deposit the whole $10,000. Say uh... uh... **you** wouldn't be interested in going to Mexico, would you?
My vacation isn't until three months.
That's when my first interest is due.
That's right. I'll have three weeks. Mexico sounds like fun.
It's a date then. I'll be here in three months.
I'll be expecting you.
Hey, what's your name? And I don't have your address. Hey!... Oh, well, I guess he'll be back... ...He forgot his gun.

In an effort to specialize, publishers now have over a dozen magazines for elderly people. Trouble is, they all lack the excitement of the youth oriented magazines. What's needed is to give them a new and modern fanzine look. Something like...

Pen Pals

Write to the box number mentioned. Write quick before your number is up.

OLD MAN, 97, wishes to meet sexy blonde teenage girl. OBJECT: Suicide. BOX 36J

OLD LADY, 79, wishes to correspond with old men over 90. Air mail only as we haven't got too much time. BOX 85K
ELDERLY WOMAN wishes to correspond with elderly men. Must write very large as I have trouble seeing. BOX 32C

DESIRE TO CORRESPOND WITH SHUT-INS as I am shut-in myself. Not in a hospital, in my home. I can't get the front door open! BOX 54B

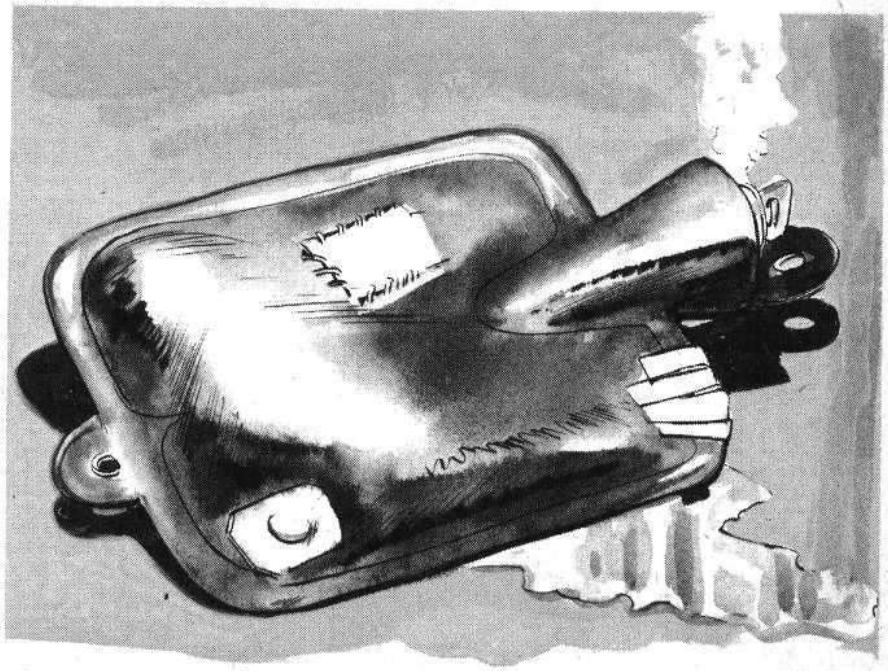
VERY OLD LADY WITH ONE LEG WHO LOVES DANCING wishes to meet very old man with one leg who also loves dancing. OBJECT: Real way-out Watusi. BOX 91M

DIRTY OLD MAN wishes to make acquaintance of young ladies. Have own bench in the park. Enclose photos. Dirty ones if you can. BOX 87Z

FEMALE with shaky handwriting, wishes to correspond with male with weak eyes. BOX 63D

OLD LADY who can't write, wishes to establish phone call system with nice old men. After 6 when the rates are cheaper. BOX 99Q

LOOK AT THIS GROOVY
HOT WATER BAG
WE'VE GOT FOR YOU!



THAT HEARTWARMING LOOK

Yes, it warms our hearts to make this offer. And it will warm your hearts too. In fact, it will warm everything you've got—hands, feet, varicose veins, wrinkled skin, etc. It also makes a nice weapon to hit an ungrateful daughter-in-law with—as well as a fine place to hide that booze so they'll never know what a lush you really are. Made of sleek, waterproof material, it will last longer than you do!

SPECIAL THIS MONTH ONLY: Order now and we will fill it with hot buttermilk!

61 NAGAZINE
ATLANTIS

Please rush hot water bag. Enclosed is $20. If not satisfied I will return the bag and keep the hot water.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
NEXT OF KIN _____
WHO SENT YOU? _____

61

TOP FAVORITE OF SENILE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

VOL. 61
No. 98.6

NAGAZINE

EXCLUSIVE! Methusalah Was A Dirty Old Man! 2
How An Old Swinger Looks Without His Teeth 4
The New Kick: Zwebach and Hot Prune Juice!..... 9
Is The 2000 Year Old Man Really A Fun Guy? 15
What Walter Brennan Likes In A Girl 19
101 Things You Can Do With A Hot Water Bag 23
Tips On Decorating That Old Age Home Modernly 26
What To Do When You Get A **Real** Blind Date 31
Is Senile Delinquency On The Rise?..... 37

BOOK BONUS: I Was A 70-Year-Old Teenager!..... 42
Maria Ouspanskaya's Beauty Secrets 48
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Games For Second Childhood..... 69
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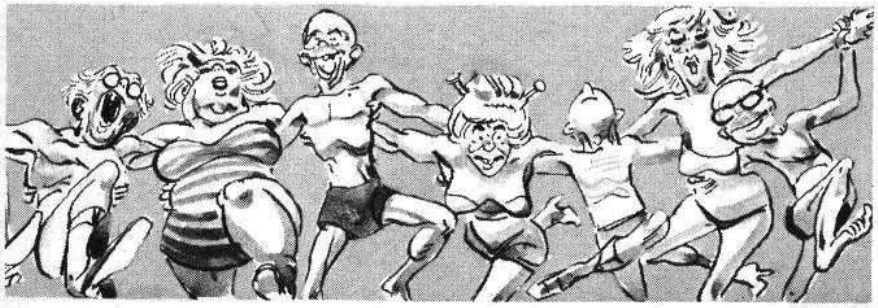
SPECIAL REPORT: I Got High on Geritol! 89
A Mother's Joy: My Son Sends A Check Every Week 92
27 Full-Color Pages of Nothing But Wheel Chairs 99
A Look To The Future: CEMETARY PLOTS ..... CENTERFOLD



SIXTY-ONE is published monthly (the day after our Social Security Checks arrive) by ORTHOPEDIC Publishing Co. in the Bronx. Second-Class permit now pending in Connecticut (we should live so long till we get it). Not responsible for material sent thru the mail as we're too weak to even open it up. Nothing may be reprinted without permission of our sons, the lawyers, they should live and be well. Printed in an Old Age Home in Miami.

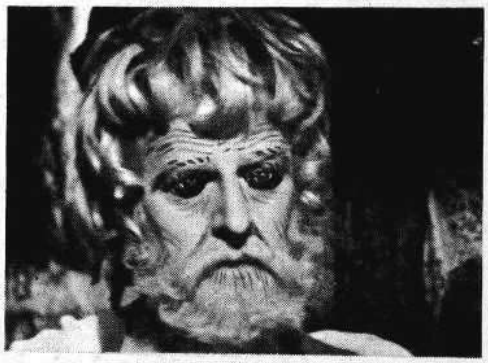
CANCER
(Jan. 1 - Dec. 31)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO—

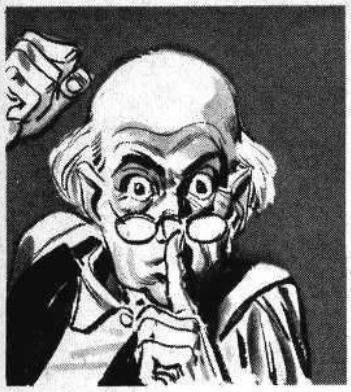
THE NEANDERTHAL MAN

PORTNOY'S FATHER

MRS. SANTA CLAUS



METHUSALAH



GEEWEE'S GOSSIP

Handsome HIRAM SMEDLEY, that 76-year-old swinger, looking mighty snazzy these days. He's all grey. Completely grey. Except his hair. That's black ... **Ever youthful ORVILLE FUNGUS**, 97 years young, plans to marry a 16-year-old girl shortly. When his doctors told him that such a marriage could be fatal he replied philosophically, "So if she dies, she dies." ... **Crossword-puzzle addict ANATOLA SNODGRASS** just inserted a new clause in her will. When she dies she wants to be buried six down, three across...107-**year-old boy wonder RUFUS GLOBB** is still in the pink of condition. He has never smoked, never drank whiskey and never went out with women. Shortly he will celebrate his 108th birthday. To which friends ask, "How?????"

HOMER FERDLIP, that 84-year-old wild man, was arrested last week on a disorderly conduct charge. Seems he got drunk, ran thru an old Civil War Veterans' Home and blew the Cavalry Charge... **Sophisticated TERRANCE MUDFLY** is 99-years-old and still travels with the upper set. The lower set he leaves home in a glass of water... Friends keep telling **spiritual-looking EBENEZER GLOTZ** that he looks just like St. Joseph. And you know what a lousy town that is!!!!!

That 102-year-old casanova SEXY MAXY GLICK just got married again for the tenth time. Because he **had** to... **TILLIE STERNGAS, 74,** looking for a husband. Her own husband, LEO... There's a wild new gimmick on the market today for elderly male fetishists: old ladies' corrective boots... **JASPER KLOBHOLZ, 94-years-old,** is still searching for his identity. He recently discovered Zen Buddhism and practices it. Only what he'd like to know is "who is this guy Harry Krishna they keep singing about?????"

Elderly scholar JASON KLATCH, a 95-year-old janitor, astounded a scientific gathering recently by speaking 14 different languages. Unfortunately, nobody was able to uhderstand any of them... **HENRIETTA and ZEKE SNERD** were divorced recently after being married for 62 years. When asked by the Judge why she wanted the divorce after such a long marriage, she replied, "Well, your Honor, enough is enough!" Talk about old, we're not saying how old **PAUL LAIKIN** is, but his Social Security Number is 4!!!!!

FAN CLUBS

SALLY RAND FAN CLUB
36-24-36 Strip Street, Chicago, Ill.

Remember Sally and her sensational Fan Dance at the Chicago World's Fair? Well, this is her Fan Club. It's not for **her**, mind you. This Club is for her **Fan**!

JOE SIMON FAN CLUB
23 Skidoo, Makesme, Ill.

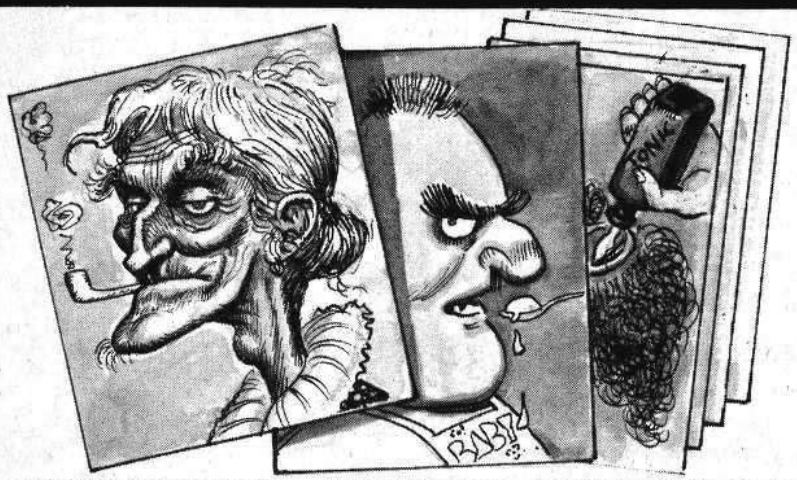
This Club was organized to honor the pioneer of the comic book field; the immortal of super-hero fame; one of the giants of all-time publishing. Only Bob Kane wasn't interested so we got Joe Simon instead!

CHARLES DE GAULLE FAN CLUB
1-2-3 O'Leary, Paris, Ill.

This is a real club for the dear boy. And if he ever shows his face around these parts we're going to hit him over the head with it!

WORLD'S BIGGEST PIN-UPS! EACH ONE IS LIFE SIZE!

(4 feet tall and stooped over)



WHISTLER'S GRANDMOTHER METHUSALAH — MAUDE FRICKETT — PITHECANTROPUS ERECTUS PORTNOY'S MOTHER

- Also OLD WOMEN in daring and revealing poses—the kind old men like.
- And special STAG FILMS for those who like films about stags.

Hang them anywhere—in the Old Age Home, in your Hospital Ward, in that 9x7 room your children make you sleep in. Be the talk of your park bench!

PIN-UPS
Pyramid No. 6
Cairo, Egypt

Please send me a Pin-up. I enclose 10% of my Social Security Check.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
BENEFICIARY* _____
(*must be transferred to us)

RECORDS

TOP PICK-LP OF THE MONTH
THE ORTHOPEDIC BLUES. Recorded live at Forest Lawn. On A.K. Records. $3.95 plus old age tax.

SUPER ALBUM OF THE MONTH
MUSIC TO FILL OUT MEDICAIRE FORMS BY. On the BLUE CROSS LABEL. $8.95 (but we allow $3.20)

BEST MALE VOCAL OF THE MONTH
THE SOCIAL SECURITIES AT THE PINK PUSSYCAT. A rare treat, this album is now in its fifth printing. The first four printings were cracked. GIMMICK RECORDS. $2.98 or 5 boxtops from Serutan.

BEST FEMALE VOCAL OF THE MONTH
THE OTHER SIDE OF MAUDE FRICKETT. An afternoon of Dirty Hymns as sung by the mistress of them all. OLDE RECORDS. $9.99 and up.

BEST GROUP OFFERING OF MONTH
THE B'NAI BRITH BUBBAS—songs straight from the heart, and some from the kidneys too. On Hadassah Records. $4.98, but for you $1.89.

(all recordings are available plain, in stereo, or with hearing aid)

ATTENTION MOTHERS!

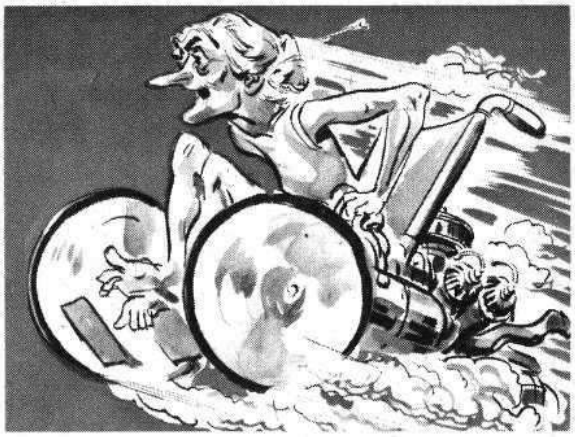
RENT A SON, A DOCTOR

Are you embarrassed at social gatherings because everybody has a son a doctor except you? Well, you needn't worry any longer. We will **rent** you one. Our package deal comes complete with ungrateful daughter-in-law, three kids spoiled rotten and a check every week. Rates for lawyers and accountants slightly lower. Write today:
MY SON THE DOCTOR, MISHU, GA.

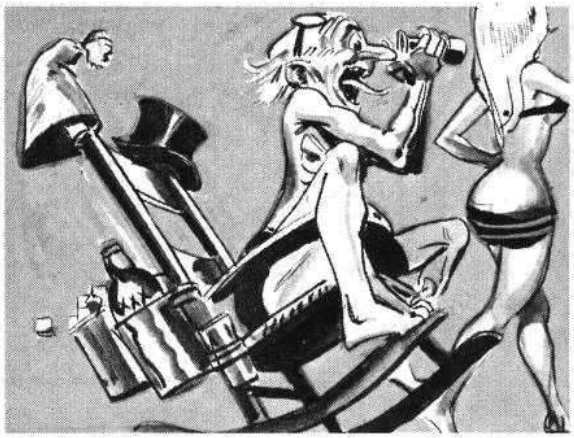
DREAMVILLE

NEW HEART THROBS (FROM TRANSPLANTS)

HORTENSE BAGLEY of Biloxi, Miss. This gal is a real redhead. Not her hair. Her **head** is red. She's got a nice round figure. About $30,000 in the bank. A natural born mother-in-law, at Family Circle Meetings, she's the first to bring up the subject of burial plots. A natural-born mourner, she cries at supermarket openings. Many consider her a real dreamboat. A battleship. Nevertheless, she doesn't believe in taking from children. From other old people yes, but not from children. Her group: **The Mah Jongg Maniacs.**



WINNIE FURD of Walla Walla, Wash. This gal doesn't look her age at all. She looks **older.** Thin and frail, if it weren't for her varicose veins sticking out, she'd have no shape at all. However, she's quite wealthy. She had her gallstones removed and rhinestones put in. She has $20,000 sewn in the lining of her girdle, and that's a lot of money to leave behind. At any rate fellas, she's 38-22-36. This is not her measurements. It's her telephone number. Her group: **The Yonkers Yentas.**



WALDO GLOPNICK of Talahassee, Fla. The hit of his Old Age Home, he has a son a doctor, a son a lawyer and a son a research chemist. But if it weren't for his son the bookie, the whole family would starve. A self-made man, when he came to this country he didn't have a dime in his pocket. In the lining of his coat however, he had hidden $40,000. With this, he opened a chain of empty stores and prospered right away. At 93, he still has his own teeth. He keeps them in his drawer when not in use. His group: **The Grand Daddies.**

OSGOOD SFORTZ of Racine, Wisconsin. A living doll, he has the face of a teenage boy. Many say he should give it back though, as he's getting it all wrinkled. Nevertheless, he stands six feet tall in his orthopedic shoes; has brown wavy hair, which he keeps in a box at night; and blue-black eyes (one blue, one black). He also boasts of beautiful shiny white teeth (two sets, as a matter of fact). Although he's 86, he keeps young by chasing girls. Only he forgets what he chases them for. He's part of a new group called **The Turkish Bath Skidooers.**

CONTEST NEWS

FIND A HUSBAND FOR THIS OLD MAID (please, she's desperate)

WIN A FREE INVITATION TO THE WEDDING (or $10 in cash)

Yes, just find a husband for this old maid. It could be anybody. Even somebody else's husband. As long as he can walk. And if not, so what's so terrible anyway. Send him in! As long as he's got his health!

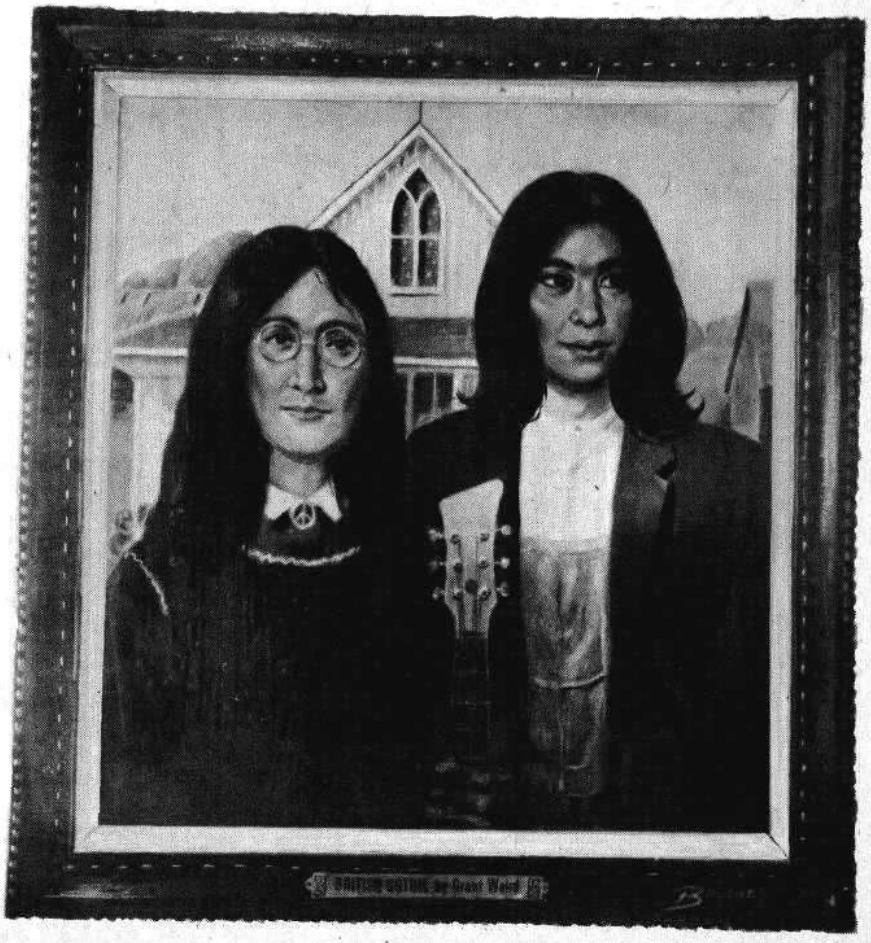
Better hurry tho—time is running out. Not for this contest, but for the old maid!

WINNER WILL BE ANNOUNCED AS SOON AS THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

SPOT THE ERROR

WIN $10 (or two 5's)

There's something wrong in this picture. You tell us what it is. If you don't know, send us your name and address anyway. There is something wrong with **you**. In either case, enclose $100 with each entry. This covers the cost of going out of business. We have to make a living too, you know.



YOU Can Be POPULAR- With Both OLD MEN and WOMEN

61's Popularity & Dating Book

How To Make Dirty Old Men Notice You
How To Make Dirty Old Men Not Notice You
How To Make Dirty Old Men
10 Beauty Secrets From Dame May Whitty
Wrinkled Clothing To Match Your Skin
How To Pick up Widowers in Cafeterias
Should You Kiss Without Your Teeth In?
Painting Your Wrinkled Face With A Roller
Using Grey Lipstick To Match Your Complexion
What To Do If He's All Hands

Yes, you can get rid of your shyness and join in the fun!

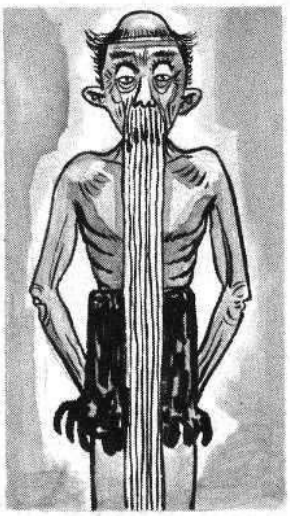
This book gives you a step-by-step program on how to make out—providing you can walk and *take* a step, that is. Just send in the coupon plus $10 and we'll tell you how to become popular overnight. If you want to be popular in the daytime, send another $5.

61's POPULARITY & DATING BOOK
Cloud 99

Quick! Rush out book so I can have one last affair before I go!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
BANK BALANCE _____

Fact Sheet on THE 2,000-YEAR-OLD MAN



front view

side view

NAME: 2000 Year Old Man (but his friends call him 2)

WHERE BORN: In a cave on the East Side of Mesopotamia.

FAMILY INFO: Father was a Neanderthal Man; mother was Pithecantropus Erectus.

SCHOOLS ATTENDED: P.S. 189 B.C., Sparta; Babylonia Junior High School; Assyria School of Business; The University of Atlantis.

HOBBIES: Flint-stone making; cave-wall drawing.

FAVORITE SPORT: Musk-ox hunting.

FAVORITE MALE PERFORMER: Alexander The Great.

FAVORITE FEMALE PERFORMER: Catherine The Great.

WORST ALL-AROUND PERFORMER: Ivan The Terrible.

BEST DATES: Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, Mona Lisa.

WORST DATE: Lucretia Borgia.

FAVORITE MUSICIAN: Nero.

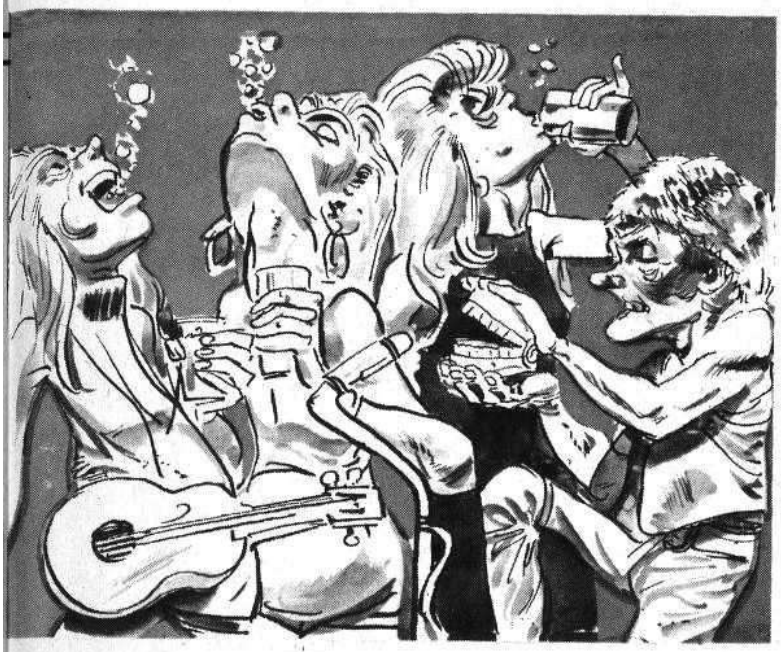
FAVORITE FOODS: Dinosaur meat, sabre-tooth tiger hash, mammoth legs.

PET PEEVES: The Spanish Inquisition, the Salem Witch Hunts, The War in Vietnam.

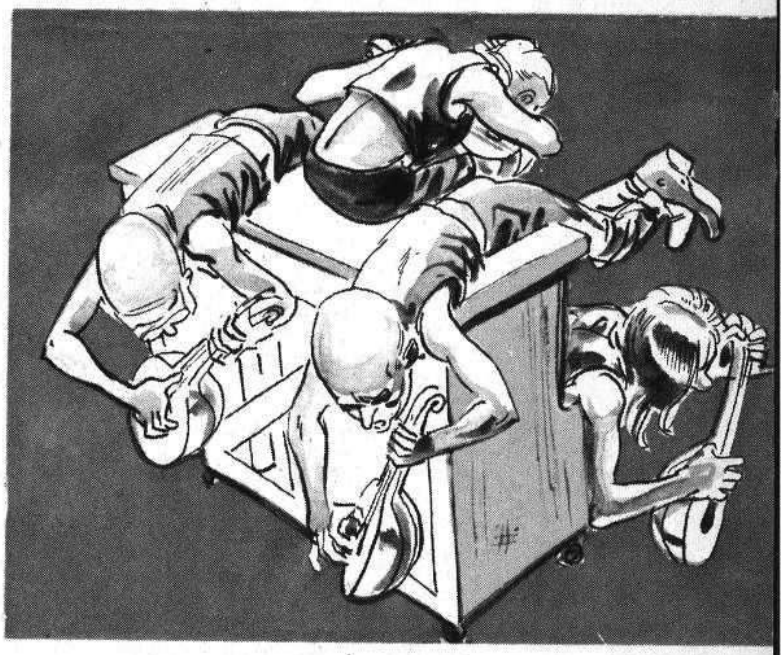
FAVORITE GROUPS: Ghengis & The Hordes, The Crusaders, Cro-Magnon & The Cavemen.

FUTURE PLANS: To be 2001, I should live and be well!

THE NEW GROUPS



THE WRIGHT BROS. AIRPLANE
The Old Folks' answer to the Jefferson Airplane, this group gets a real new sound. This is because they don't sing. What they do is **gargle**. The leader gets a further new sound by clicking his false teeth on the upbeat.



THE DIRTY OLD MEN
This group consists of 4 mandolin players and a piano. Not a piano player, just a piano. They use it to lean against while playing so they won't fall down. Their leader used to be with Paul Revere & The Raiders. The **real** Paul Revere.

PETER, PAUL & MINNIE
Three veteran performers, they sing from their hearts. Not from their mouths, but from their hearts. What happened was, each had a heart transplant and by mistake were given vocal chords. Their latest release: **"I've Got You Under My Skin."**

THE SIXTY-FIFTH DIMENSION
Here we have another new sound, derived from rubbing hot water bags filled with seltzer against the sides of their wheelchairs. Their big hit is **"By The Time I Get To Phoenix I'll Have A Heart Attack"** in which the leader sings thru his hearing aid.

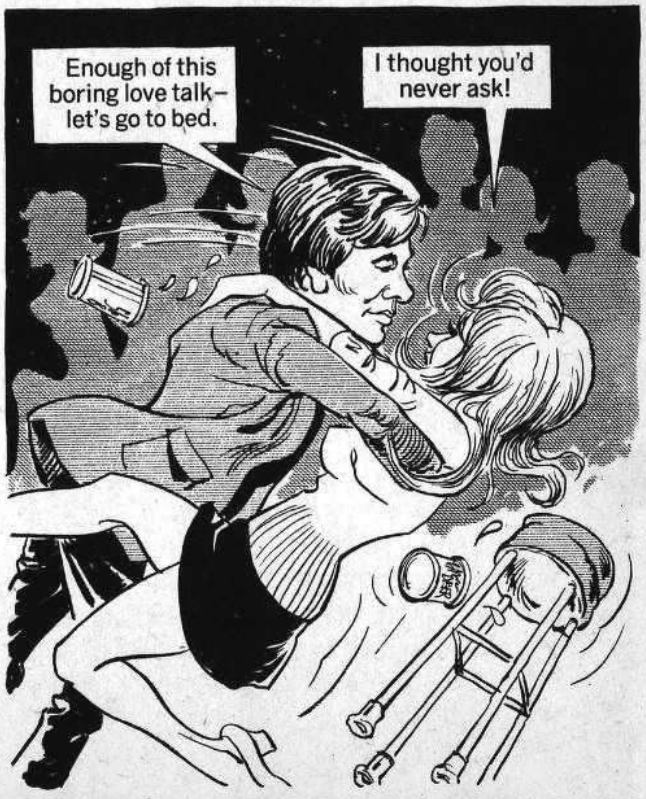
This picture starring Christopher Jones (The new James Dean) has him cast as the king of indoor sports, for right at the beginning of the show, he is voted all-time high-scorer—not by the basketball team—by the girls on campus! The way he makes out with dames, Chris comes on like the Fidel Castro of the Sexual Revolution! The main gimmick in this picture has Christopher trapped in an attic with three women who have taken a pledge to "love" him to death. But, by reel three, it's easy to see that Christopher just isn't afraid to die!

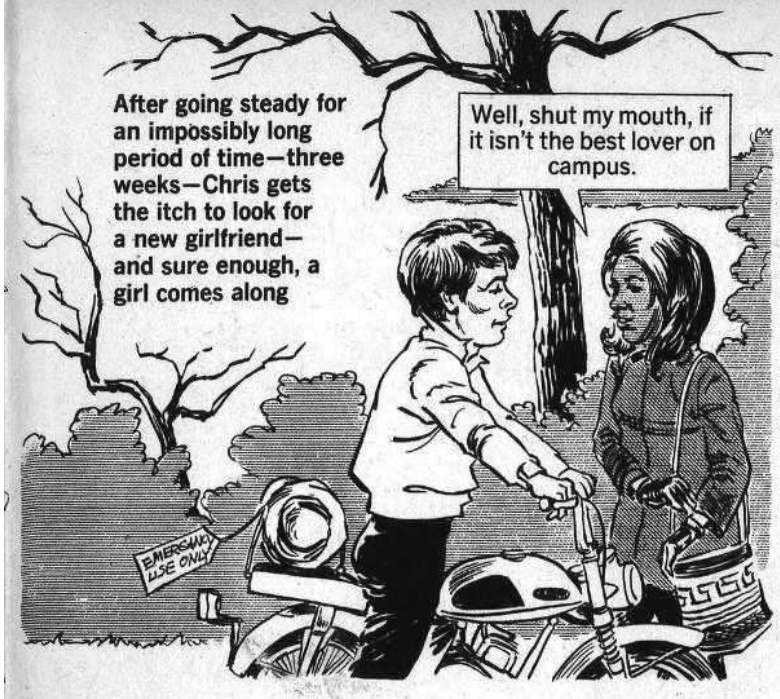
SPREE IN THE ATTIC

Script by Fred Wolfe

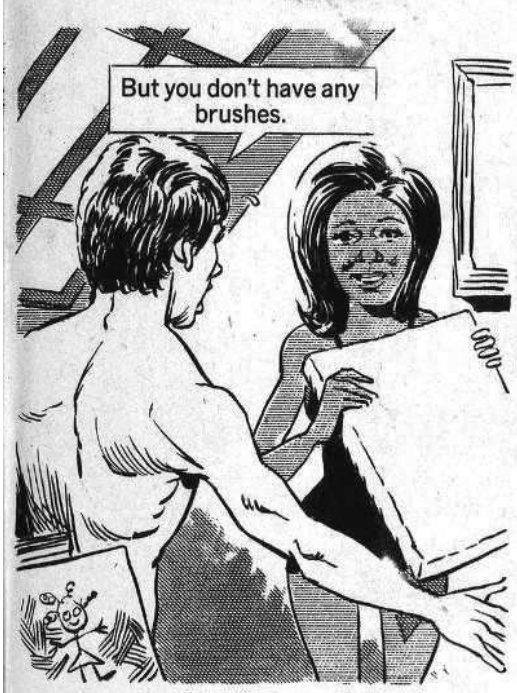
Art by Bill Robinson

The story opens in a combination teen-age discotheque and gin mill, where Chris meets Toby for the first time and has one of his "longer" engagements.

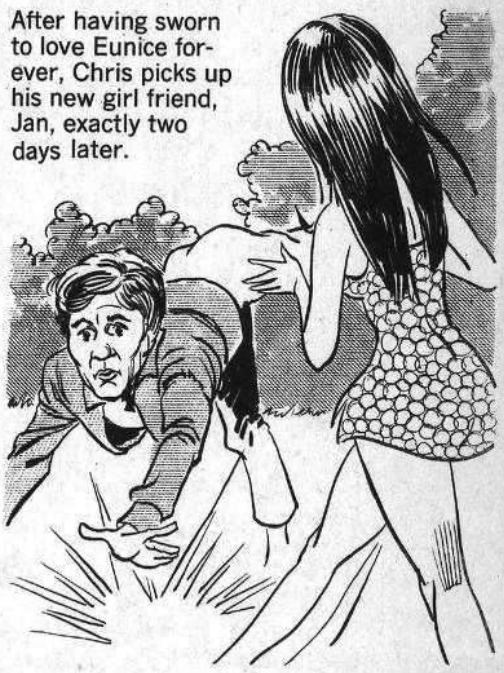



After going steady for an impossibly long period of time—three weeks—Chris gets the itch to look for a new girlfriend—and sure enough, a girl comes along
Well, shut my mouth, if it isn't the best lover on campus.
EMERGENCY USE ONLY

If you'll promise to **keep** it shut, I'll **prove** it to you! Hop on back!
Crazy, let's go to my place, and I'll paint you in the nude.

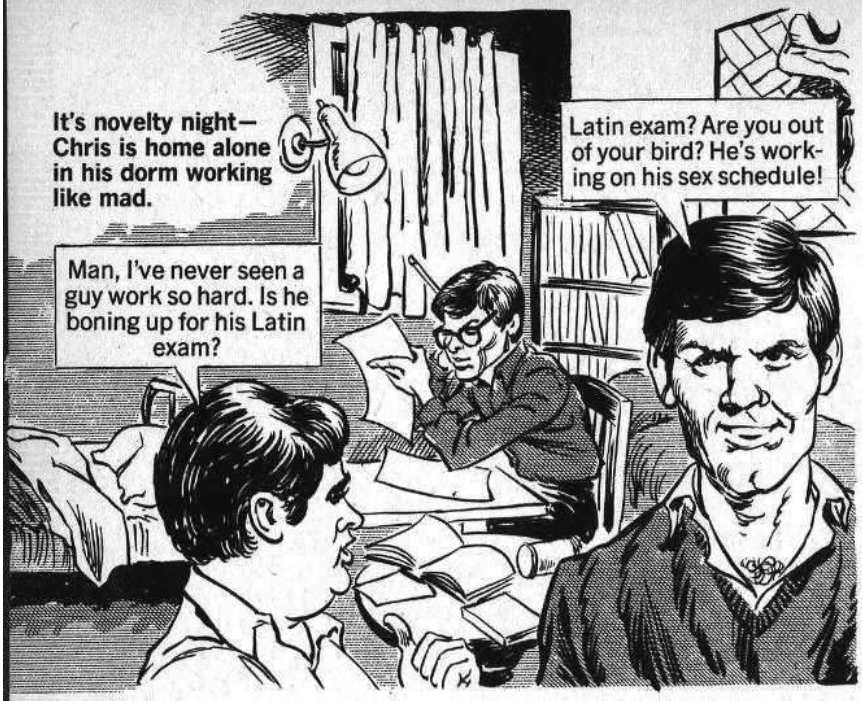

But you don't have any brushes.

You bet your bippie, I don't!


After having sworn to love Eunice forever, Chris picks up his new girl friend, Jan, exactly two days later.

Hi, I'm Janet Levy, and I've heard about you.

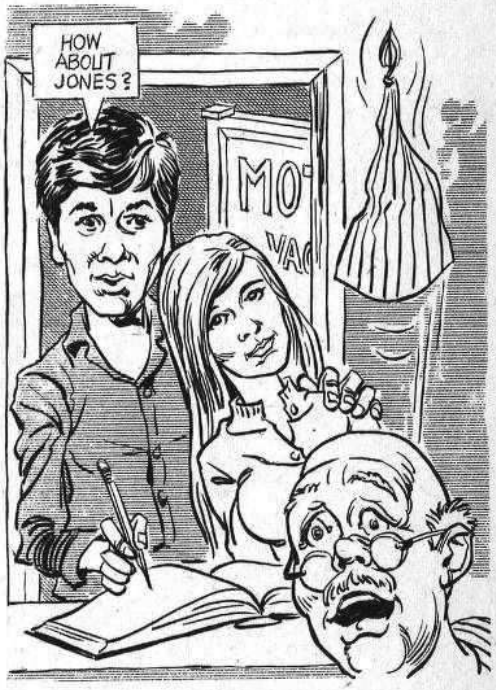
Well?
All I can say, Jan, is—You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy!

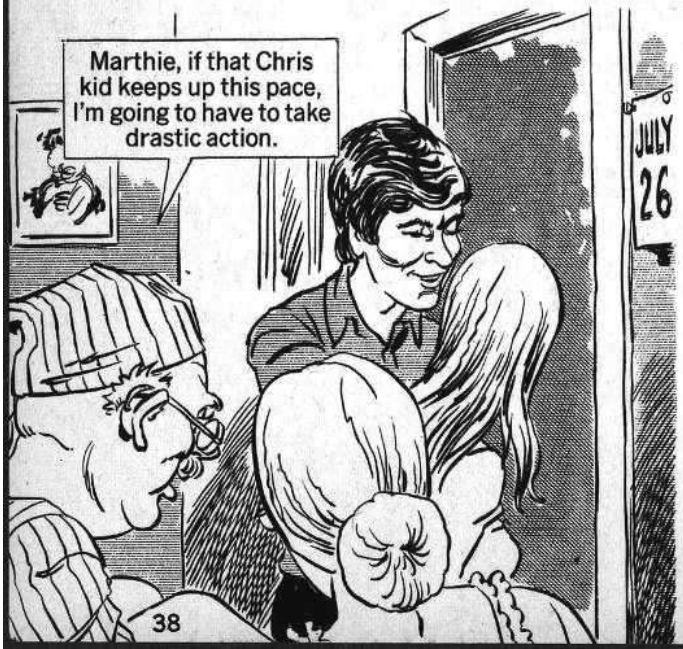

It's novelty night—Chris is home alone in his dorm working like mad.
Man, I've never seen a guy work so hard. Is he boning up for his Latin exam?
Latin exam? Are you out of your bird? He's working on his sex schedule!

Monday and Tuesday, Eunice; Wednesday and Thursday, Toby; Friday and Saturday, Jan; and Sunday, Melina Mercouri! .. Oops, I almost forgot—she said: "Never On A Sunday."

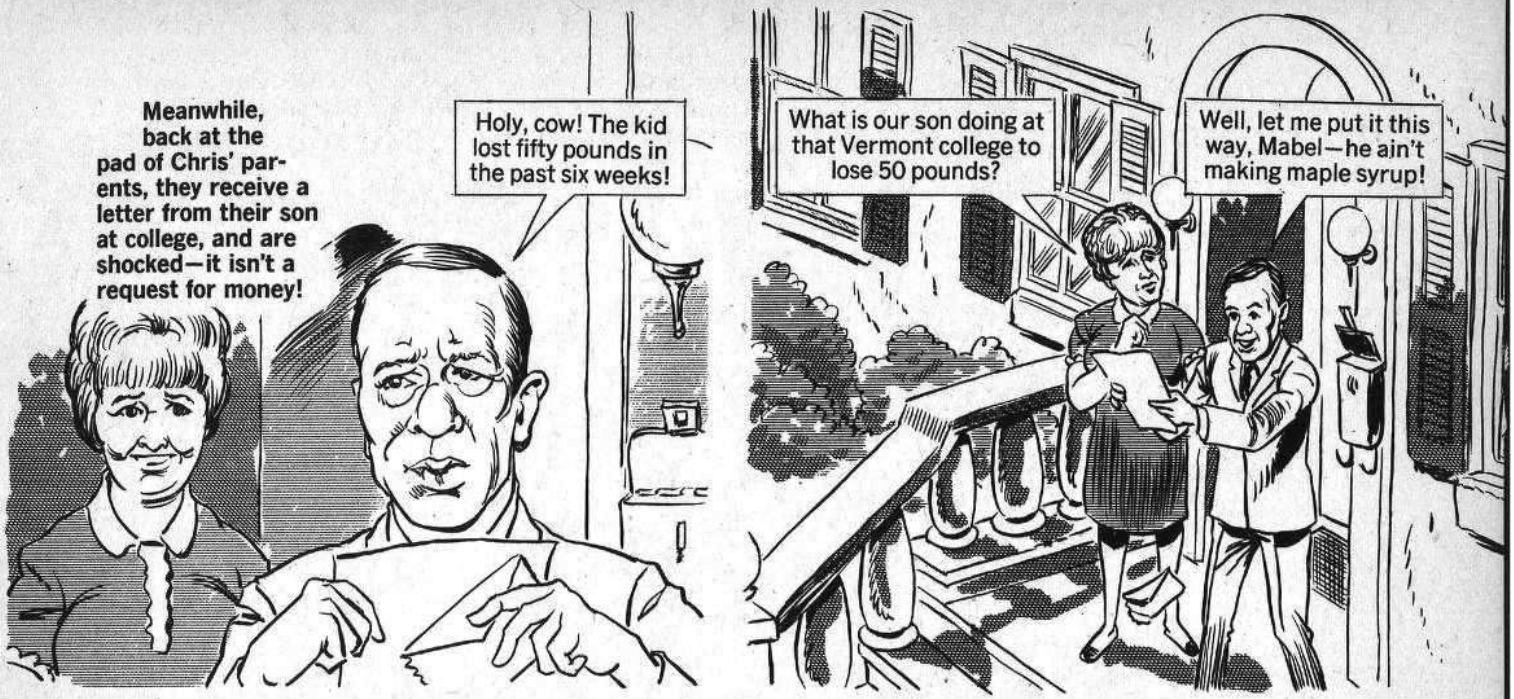
MR. & MRS CHRIS SMITH!
JULY 24

WOULD YOU BELIEVE DOE?
JULY 25

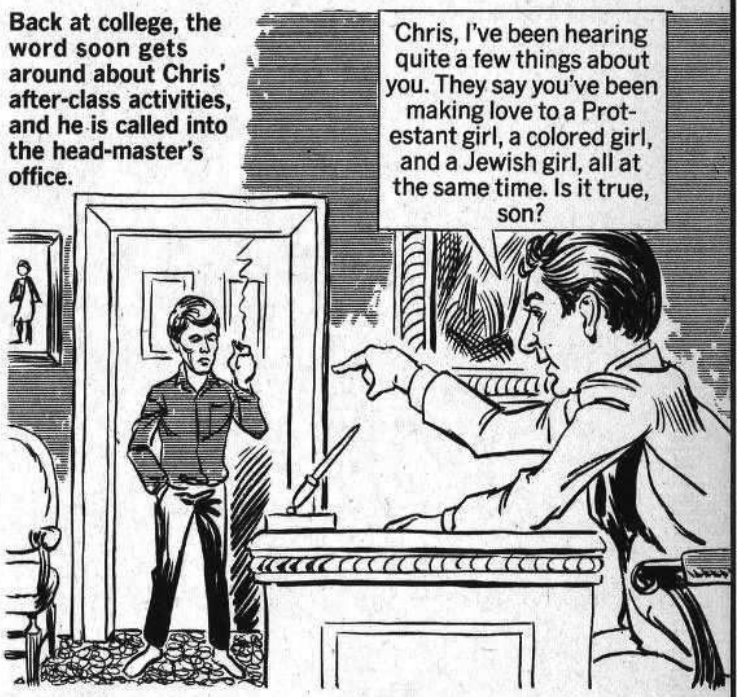

HOW ABOUT JONES?

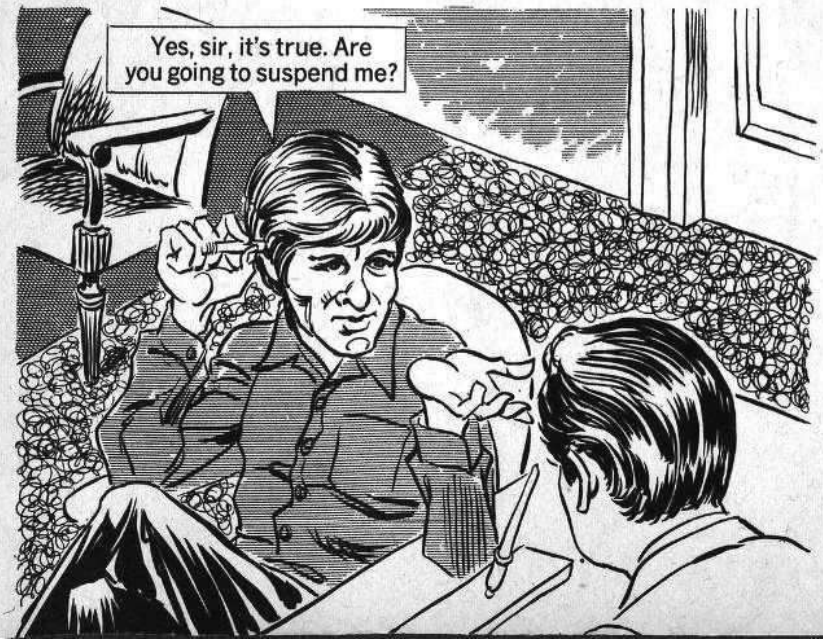

Marthie, if that Chris kid keeps up this pace, I'm going to have to take drastic action.
JULY 26

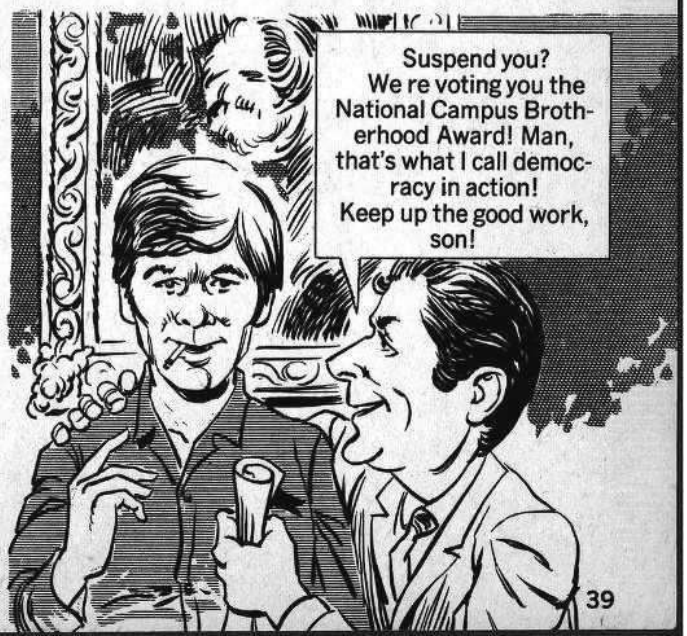
Are you going to raise your rates?
No, I'm going to put in a revolving door!


Meanwhile, back at the pad of Chris' parents, they receive a letter from their son at college, and are shocked—it isn't a request for money!
Holy, cow! The kid lost fifty pounds in the past six weeks!
What is our son doing at that Vermont college to lose 50 pounds?
Well, let me put it this way, Mabel—he ain't making maple syrup!

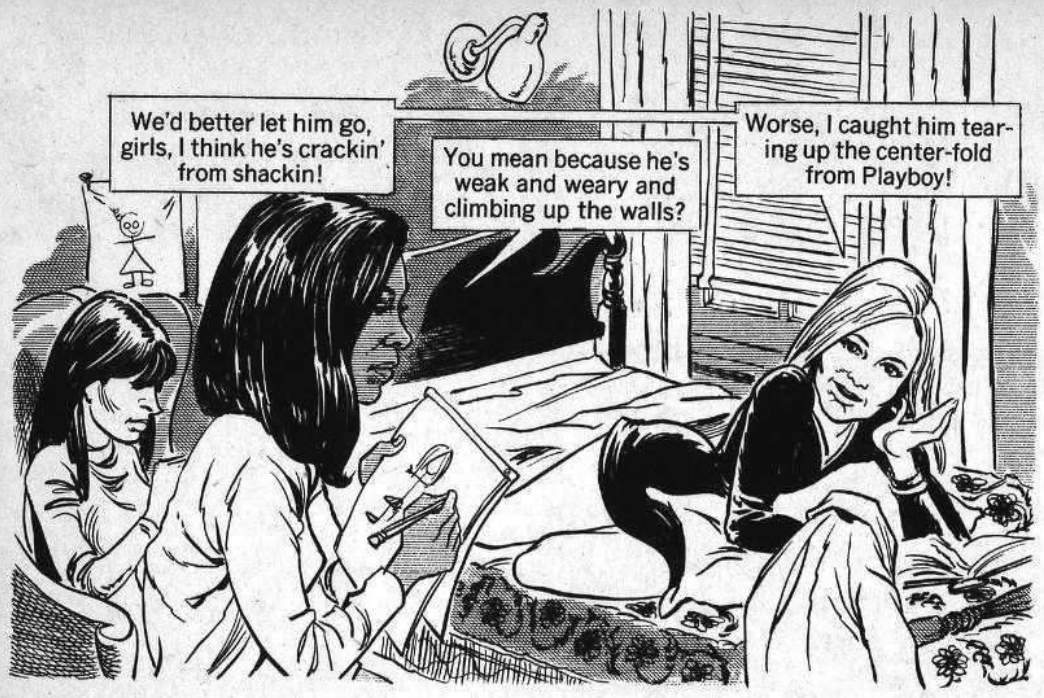
I'm worried about our son. I want our boy to get good grades, so that he'll graduate on time.
Forget it, mother! From what I read here, by the time he graduates, he'll be too weak to hold his diploma!


Back at college, the word soon gets around about Chris' after-class activities, and he is called into the head-master's office.
Chris, I've been hearing quite a few things about you. They say you've been making love to a Protestant girl, a colored girl, and a Jewish girl, all at the same time. Is it true, son?


Yes, sir, it's true. Are you going to suspend me?


Suspend you? We re voting you the National Campus Brotherhood Award! Man, that's what I call democracy in action! Keep up the good work, son!

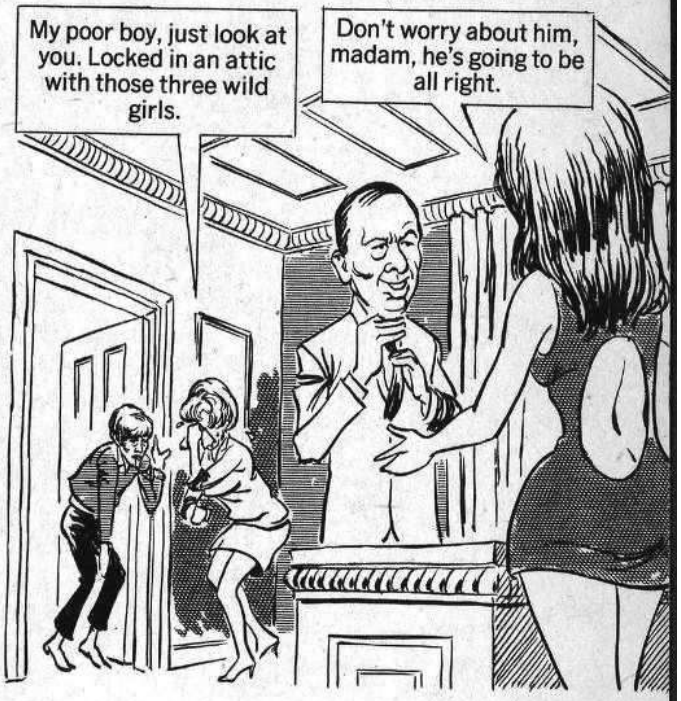
Everything is coming up roses for young Chris, until one day a stinkweed comes into the picture—his three girl friends get together and compare notes.
Well, lover boy, we finally found you out. Making dates with each of us on the sly, and promising to marry us.
I was—just as soon as I saved up enough money for three wedding rings.
We've decided to teach you a lesson. Since you wanted to make love to three of us at once, we decided to make it easy for you. We're going to lock you in this attic, and make love to you 24 hours a day.
Yeah, what do you say to that?
Great, now I won't have to commute. Sock it to me, girls!
Two weeks pass ...


We'd better let him go, girls, I think he's crackin' from shackin!
You mean because he's weak and weary and climbing up the walls?
Worse, I caught him tearing up the center-fold from Playboy!

Oh, well, back to protest demonstrations!

Chris' worried parents have come to the college to find out about their son.
Dean Welch? We've come to discuss our son.

You can call me Raquel, good looking.


My poor boy, just look at you. Locked in an attic with those three wild girls.
Don't worry about him, madam, he's going to be all right.

All right? You mean after being out of class all these weeks, he's not going to flunk?
MY BABY!
Flunk? Your son has passed his course with flying colors. Or should I say flying covers?

What do you mean?
Don't you know? Your son is majoring in sex education!

HIPPEST HARV

EST: BACK-TO-NATURE YOUTH MOVEMENT

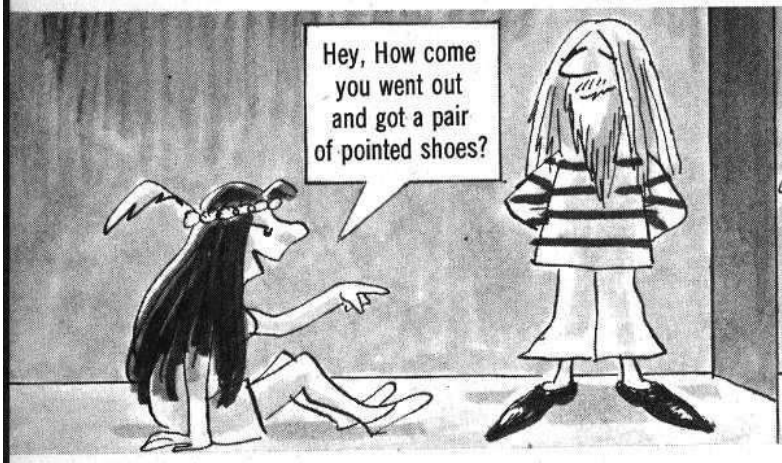
Art by B. Wiseman Script by Paul Laikin

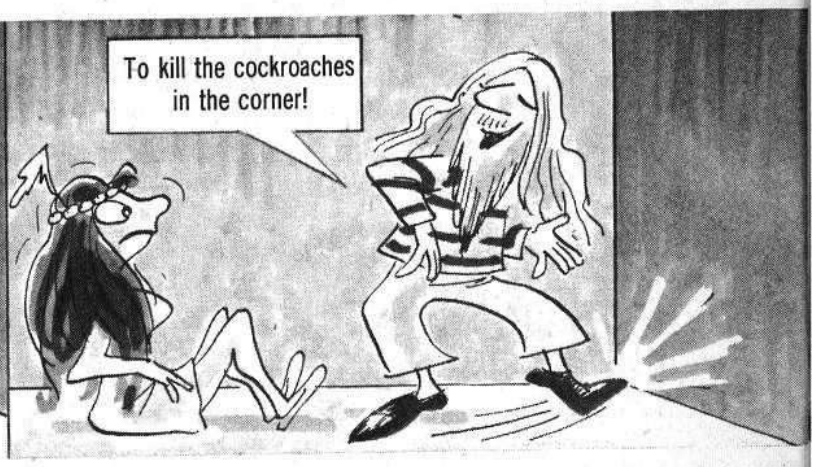
Hey, everybody... The BEATLES are coming! The BEATLES are coming!
Groovy!!

Whattaya mean groovy! Look what they're doing to our crop!!
DO NOT SMOKE THE GRASS

This is a real groovy pad except for one thing... It has no ceiling!

Oh, that's alright... the cats upstairs don't walk around much!


Hey, How come you went out and got a pair of pointed shoes?

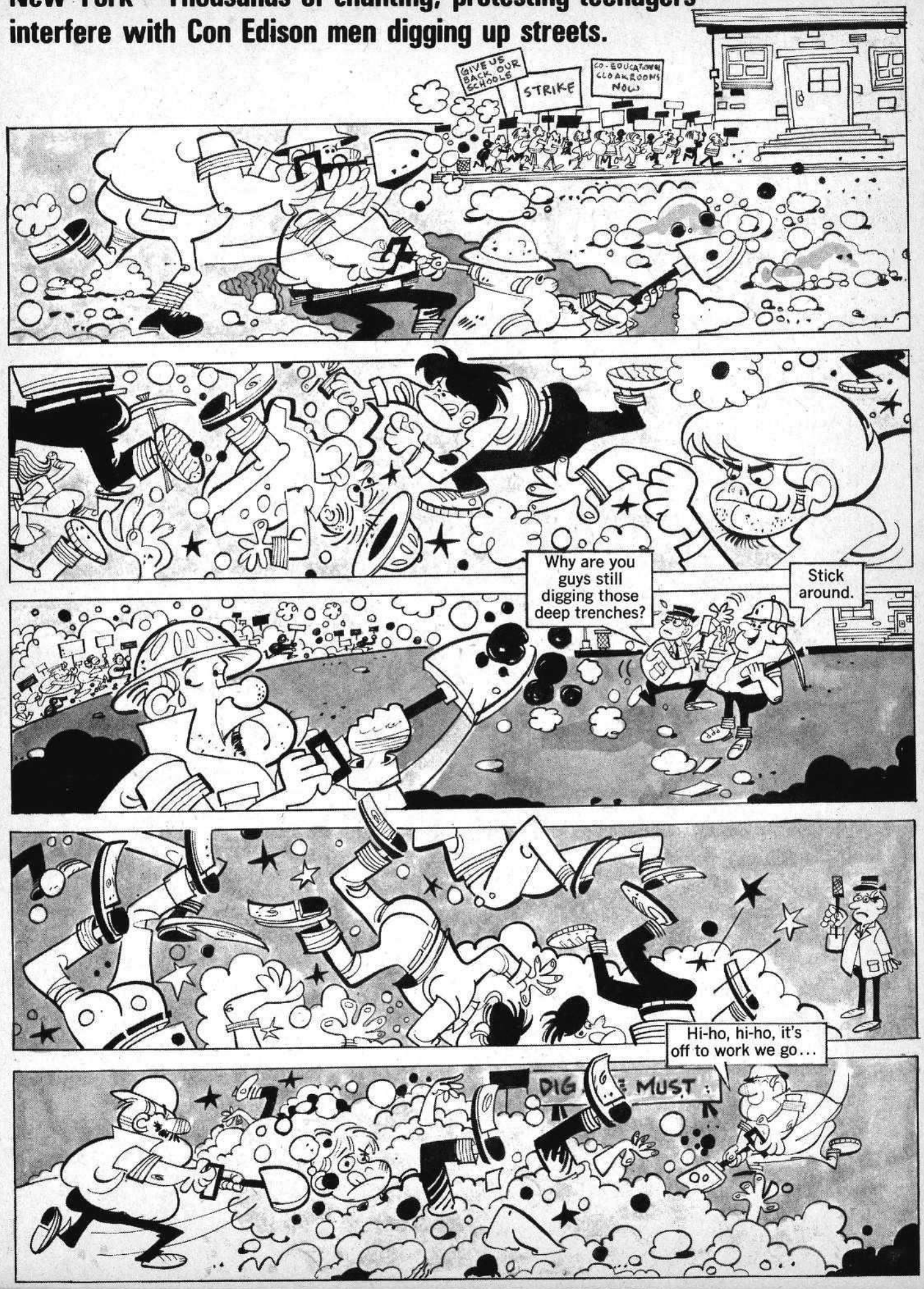

To kill the cockroaches in the corner!

Attention, please! All 26 of us will have to sleep in the woods tonight?
How come?

Our room is being painted!

Like, I'm new here... What do we do about the garbage outside?
Bring it in... That's our supper!
Our baby daughter falls down a well and you sit there reading a book!!
Cool it!... It's called "How To Raise Children"!
How come everybody's sitting around sniffing glue?
It makes their nostrils stick together so they can't smell each other!
We'll build a stockade fence. Run out and fetch a pig.
Not him, you idiot!

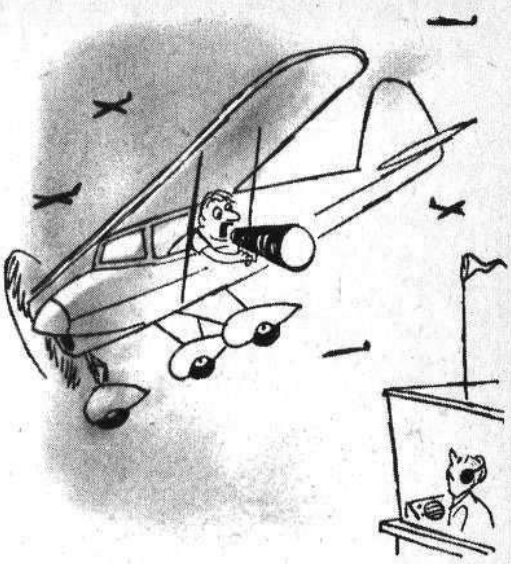
New York—Thousands of chanting, protesting teenagers interfere with Con Edison men digging up streets.



QUICKIE SICKIES

SHORT STORIES OF MINOR CATASTROPHIES

Art by Al Kaufman



"Pilot to control tower! Pilot to control tower!" cried the frantic voice. "I'm coming in! Please give me landing instructions!"

"Control tower to pilot! Why are you screaming like that?"

"Pilot to control tower! I don't have a radio!"

The railroad official looked up from the application blank and said, "Have a seat, Mr. Lumfington."

Mr. Lumfington sat down.

"Now, let's see, you've applied for a job as a dispatcher at one of our railway crossings. What would you do if you saw two trains approaching each other on the same track?"

"Why, I'd immediately throw the switch and send one of them on to another track."

"What would you do if the switch was jammed?"

"I'd send a message by wireless to the receivers on the two trains."

"And if the wireless was out of order?"

"I'd grab a red flag, rush out to the tracks and signal the engineers to stop."

"Yes, but what if they didn't see you?"

"Then, I'd call my sister."

"Your sister? What could she possibly do?"

"Nothing, but she loves to watch train smash-ups."

An old friend called on a tourist at the hotel where he was staying overnight. He knocked and asked the man to open the door.

"I can't, the door is locked," said the tourist.

"I know, unlock it."

"I can't—have no key."

"Jumpin' Jehoshaphat! What would you do if there was a fire?"

"I couldn't go."

The inspector was extremely annoyed by the amount of noise coming from the adjoining room while he made his usual rounds of the school. Unable to stand it any longer, he opened the door. Seeing one boy taller than the others and talking a great deal, he grabbed him by the collar, dragged him to another room and stood him in the corner.

"Now you stand there and be quiet till I tell you to go back to your room!" the exasperated school inspector commanded.

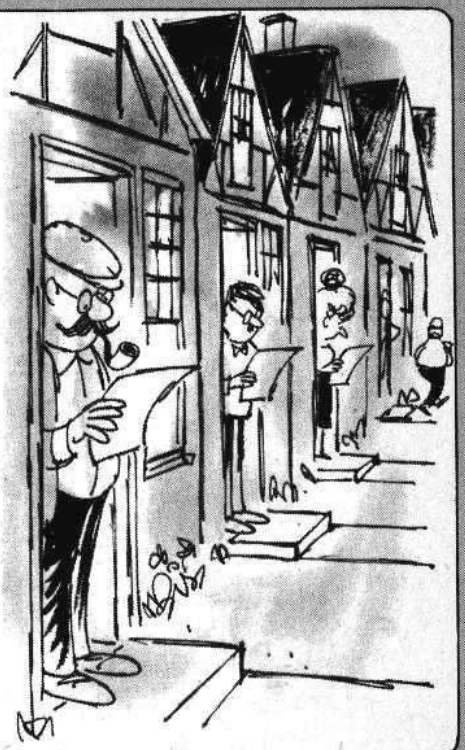
A quarter-hour later a small head appeared around the door and a small quivering voice asked:

"Please, sir, may we have our teacher back now?"

A unit of the American Eighth Air Force had flown over from England to drop propaganda leaflets over Berlin. All the planes came back—all, that is, except one. After he hadn't returned in four days he was written off as a casualty.

On the fifth day, in he flew, and landed. A jeep from the control tower picked him up and whisked him to the Commandant's office. "Gee," he was told, "we're mighty glad to see you, boy! But, where in the hell have you been? The rest of the boys went over five days ago and dropped their leaflets and..."

"Dropped them? I've been sticking them under the doors!"

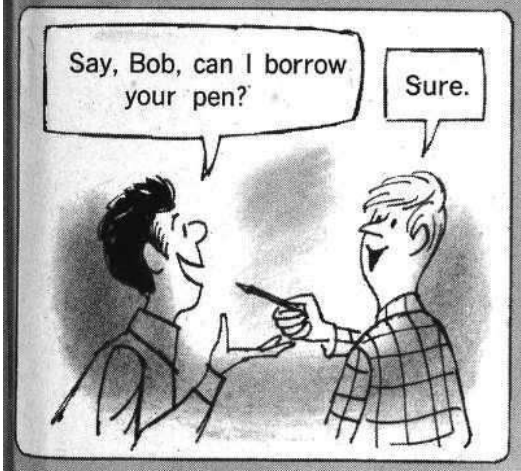


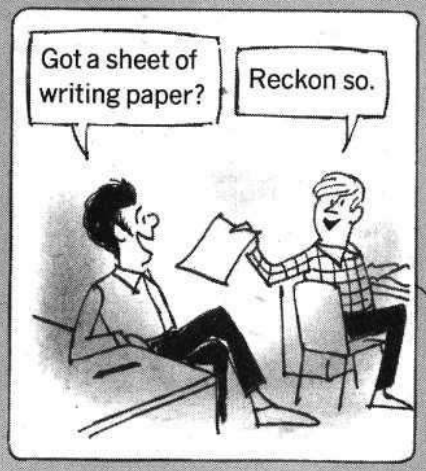
A sergeant was chewing out a group of recruits during basic training. "Just look at yourselves," he bellowed. "Your shoes aren't shined, your hair isn't combed, your ties aren't straight—suppose some country suddenly declared war."

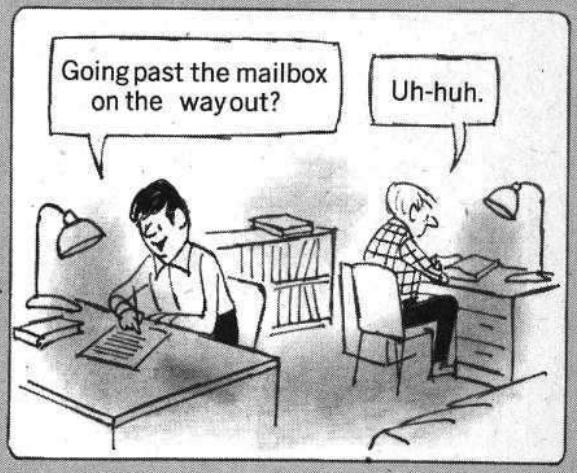
During the futile Cuban invasion, one of Castro's trusted lieutenants, Camilio Cienfuegos, was killed. Castro ordered all of the people of Camilio's village to pay their respects in the customary way, which consists of placing a flower on the water. One peasant said that he would take care of the obligation for the whole village.

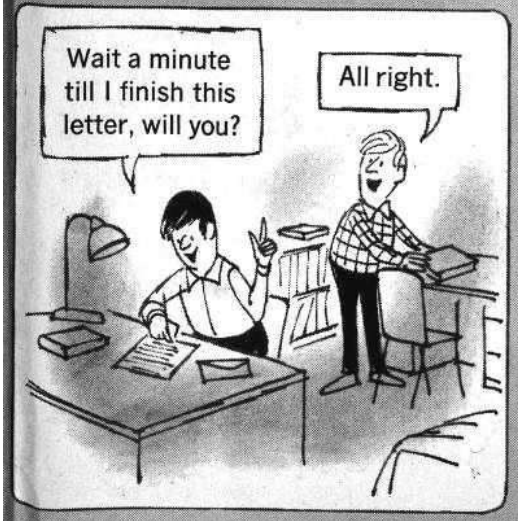
He went out onto the water with a large bunch of flowers, one for each person. He rowed out about 400 yards, placed a flower on the water, looked heavenward, and whispered, "For Camilio." He kept doing this and was about two miles out to sea; he placed a flower on the water, looked all around him, and started rowing like crazy, yelling, "For Miami, for Miami!"

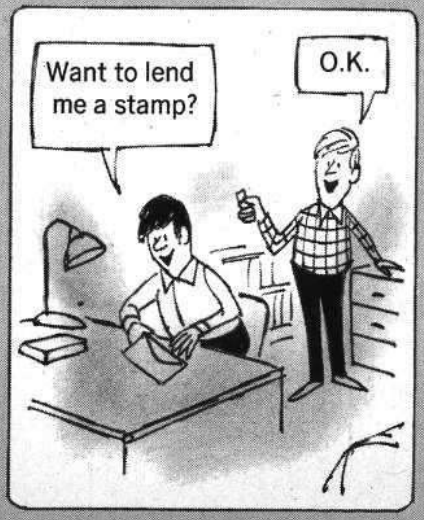
ROOMMATES











Three decrepit, gray-haired old men were seated together in the park discussing their personal philosophies for attaining a ripe old age.

"I'm eighty-six," said the first, "and I wouldn't be here today if I hadn't avoided tobacco and alchol in every form, avoided late hours and the sinful enticement of the opposite sex."

"I owe my ninety-three years to a strict diet of black-strap molasses, wheat germ, and mother's milk," said the second.

"When I was eighteen," the third man said, "my father told me if I wanted to enjoy life as much as he had, I should smoke black cigars, drink nothing but hard liquor, and carouse with a different woman every night. And that's exactly what I've done."

"Incredible," said the first man.

"Amazing," said the second, for their friend was obviously the gayest, most elderly appearing of the three.

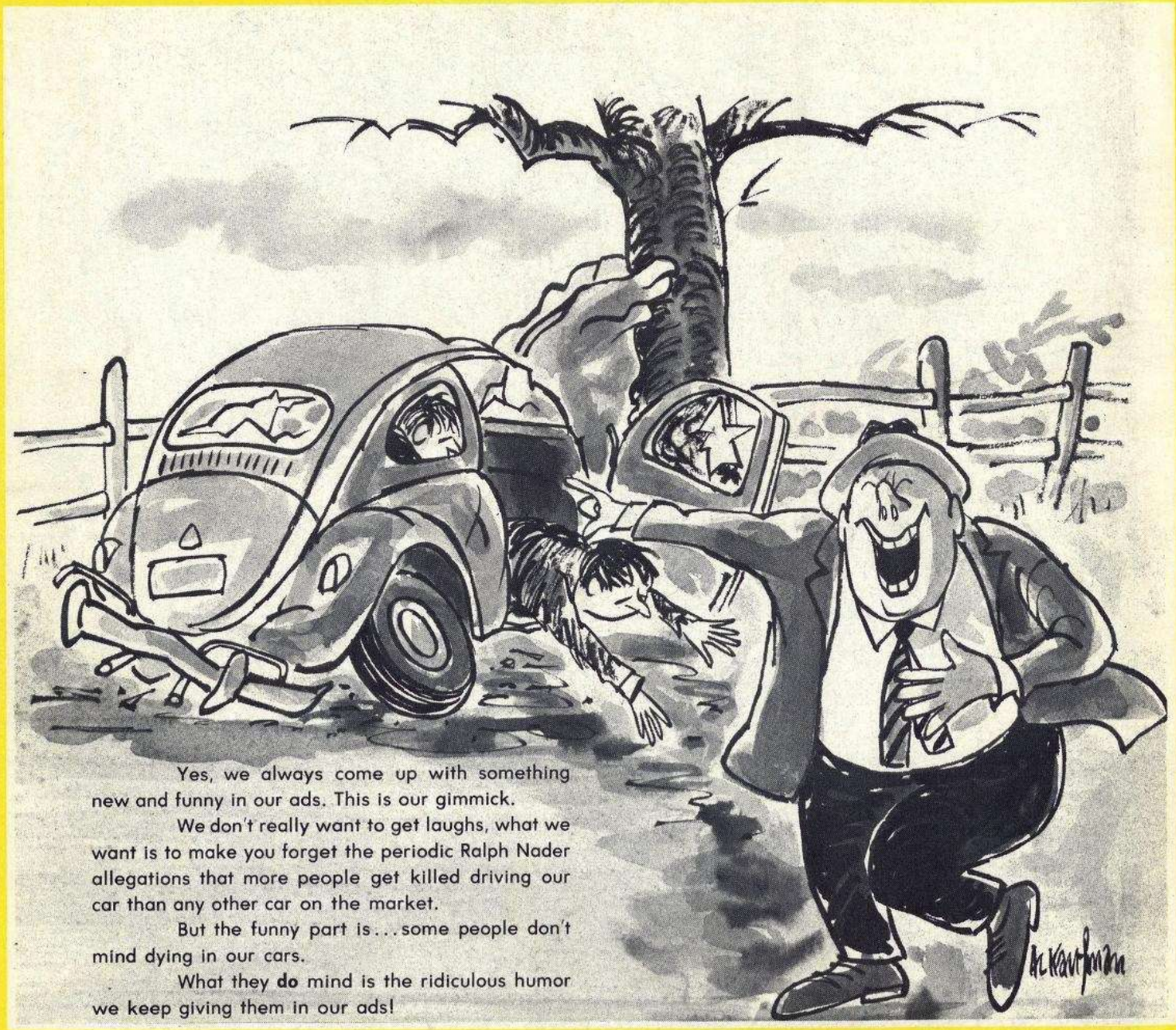
"Just how old are you?"
"Twenty-two."

It happened aboard a trans-Atlantic liner. A steward was walking along the promenade deck with a large bowl of soup when the ship rolled exceptionally hard and he dumped the entire bowl onto the shirt front of a passenger sleeping in a deck chair. Thinking fast, the steward awoke the man and said, consolingly, "I do hope you're feeling better now, sir."

Because L&N's balanced blend gives good taste to the very end.

We always bring you funny ads

mainly to make you forget what our cars are really like!



Yes, we always come up with something new and funny in our ads. This is our gimmick.

We don't really want to get laughs, what we want is to make you forget the periodic Ralph Nader allegations that more people get killed driving our car than any other car on the market.

But the funny part is... some people don't mind dying in our cars.

What they **do** mind is the ridiculous humor we keep giving them in our ads!

LAUGH AND FORGET YOUR TROUBLES... AND *OURS*, TOO, WITH A

JOKESWAGEN

YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING!